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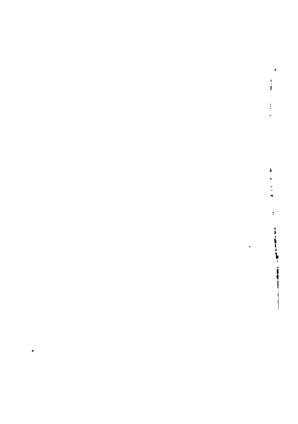
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LORD OF THE ISLES. A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.





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THE

LORD OF THE ISLES:

A POEM.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH NOTES,

AND

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

HALIFAX: MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1865.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scene of this poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Avrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled to be called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.

Abbotsford, 10th December, 1814.



LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IR WALTER SCOTT was the third son of Walter Scott. sq. Writer to the Signet, by Anne, daughter of Dr. John intherford. Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the iniversity of Edinburgh. He was born at Edinburgh on 10 15th of August, 1771. At the time of his birth, and or some time after, his father resided at the head of the college Wynd, a narrow alley leading from the Cowgate the gate of the College; but before the subject of our semoir could receive any impressions from the romantic senery of Old Edinburgh, he was removed to the connv. on account of the delicacy of his health, and lived or some time under the care of his paternal grandfather t Sandyknow. This farm is situated upon high ground. ear the bottom of Leader Water, and overlooks a large art of the vale of Tweed. In the immediate neighbourood of the farm house, stood the Border fortlet called mailholm Tower, which possessed many features to atract the attention of the young poet, and where, at his randfather's "evening fire side," he became familiar gith much of that Border lore which he afterwards grought up in his fictions. To what extent his resience there retarded his progress in school instruction a not ascertained.

We pass over the period of his elementary instruction, serely remarking, that to his mother—alady of no ordisary natural talents, and those talents enriched by the strantages of her literary connections and education—oung Scott was indebted for the early bias in favour of iterature which he so soon manifested. The first semi-sary which he attended was one for English and other redinary branches of education, kept by Mr. Leechman, n Hamilton's Entry, Bristo Street. He entered Fracer's class in the High School about October, 1779. Although Mr. Fraser was one of the severest flagellators was of the old school, he enjoyed the reputation of being

a sound scholar, so far as scholarship was required for his duties, and also that of a most conscientions and painstaking teacher. Apparently, however, neither the care of the master, nor the inhorn genius of the pupil, availed much in this case; for it is said that the twenty-fifth place was no uncommon situation in the class for the future author of the Waverly Novels. After two years of instruction, commenced under these unfavourable circumstances, Sir Walter, in October, 1781, entered the Rector's class, then taught by Dr. Alexander Adam, the author of many excellent elementary books, and one of the most meritorious and most eminent teachers that Scotland has ever produced. As a scholar, nevertheless, the subject of this memoir never became remarkable for proficiency, ranking, when he left the High School in 1783, only eleventh in the Rector's class.

After being two years under the Rector of the High School, he was placed in the University of Edinburgh, October 1783: but his irregular health prevented him from making any considerable progress in his academical studies. The same cause, however, which was inimical to his more arduous exercises, proved advantageous to his lighter reading, his fondness for which almost amounted to enthusiasm. About his sixteenth year, Sir Walter's health experienced a sudden and most decisive change for the better, and he seems to have made choice of the law as a profession. At the same time that he attended the lectures of Professor Dick on Civil Law in the College. he performed the duties of a writer's apprentice under his father; that being the most approved method by which a barrister could acquire a technical knowledge of his profession. On the 13th of July, 1792, in his twentyfirst year, he passed Advocate with the usual forms.

The young barrister was enabled, by the affluence of his father, to begin life in an elegant home in the most fashionable part of the town; but it was not in his lot to acquire either wealth or distinction at the bar; still he possessed considerable abilities as a public speaker, and was never considered deficient in a knowledge of the law. His fame as an author soon, however, transcended his character as a lawyer.

In December, 1797, Sir Walter Scott married Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, daughter of John Carpenter, Esq. of the city of Lyons. The fruits of this union were four children, two sons and two daughters. Soon after this period, he established himself, during the vacations,

in a delightful retreat at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, about five miles to the South of Edinburgh.

In 1802, after several minor poetical efforts in the legendary style, the publication of his "Minstrelay of the Border" took place. The work was a pleasing melange of history poetry and tradition; and it gained the author a considerable reputation, although certainly not that of an original poet in any great degree.

A short time previous to this, he was favoured with the Crown appointment of Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire, to which was attached a salary of 30%, a-year. This office, while it demanded no oppressive duties, rendered it necessary that he should reside a certain part of the year. Selkirkshire; and he therefore engaged the house of Ashesteil, on the banks of the Tweed, which continued to he his country residence till he removed to Abhotsford. The nomination was to him a peculiarly happy one, as he had many valued connections in Selkirkshire, and the immediately adjacent counties, while the office itself conferred both a general and local respectability, such as was highly suited to his taste.

It may here be remarked, that in 1893, Mr. Scott increased his literary reputation by publishing the ancient minstrel tale of "Sir Tristrem." Indeed by this time his fame as an author was so well established that he determined on quitting the profession of the law, of which he says, as houest Slender said of Mrs. Anne Page, "there was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." In a late edition of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Sir Walter has given his reasons for abandoning professional life, at considerable length.

In 1805, he obtained the reversion of a situation which completely met his moderate wishes as to preferment. This was the honourable and easy office of a Principal Clerk in the Court of Session. Sir Walter continued for five or six years to perform the duties of his office without salary, when at length an alteration of the law respecting the mode of providing for superanuated officers permitted his colleague to retire upon an annuity, and he was left to enjoy the profits, as he also executed the labours, of the situation. These profits were never stationary, but seldom much below 12001, which, with the 3001, which he enjoyed as Sheriff, might be said to make up a very respectable income, without regard to the result of his literary lubours.

The "Lav of the Last Minstrel" made its apperance in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has since been so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author. His next publica-tion of magnitude was "Marmion," for which the publishers of the "Lav," emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds. Sir Walter considered this period as the crisis of his poetical reputs-He has been heard to say that he never was in danger of becoming vain till the extraordinary success of "Marmion," had nearly made him so. He resisted the temptation, and it fled from him for ever. Previously to this period he had generally felt a little anxious to see what the periodical critics said of his works: but now this anxiety ceased, and he rarely heeded either the voice of praise or censure. His next poetical attempt was "The Lady of the Lake," in which Sir Walter Scott appears to have produced the finest specimen of which his genius was capable. His earlier efforts were less matured and refined: and the later are all in various ways, less spirited and effective. In 1811 appeared "Don Roderick." a dreamy vaticination of modern Spanish history. In 1813 he published "Rokehy," in which he attempted, but without success, to invest English scenery and a tale of the civil war, with the same charm which he had already thrown over the Scottish Highlands and Borders, and their romantic inhabitants. The evil success of this poem induced him to make a desperate adventure to retrieve his laurels; and in 1814, he published "The Lord of the Isles." Even the name of Bruce, however, could not compensate the want of what had been the most enchanting charm of his earlier publications-the development of new powers and styles of poesy. "The Bridal of Trier-' and " Harold the Dauntless" followed; but they made a very slight impression on the public.

It now became evident to Sir Walter that his day as a poet was well nigh past. He saw that he must "change his hand," if he wished his lyre any longer to awaken sympathetic chords in the bosem of the public. Accordingly, he resolved upon a proseromance relating to an age much nearer our own. "Waverly" was published in 1814, and as the title-page was without the name of the author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow, but, after the first two or three months, its propularity increased in a degree which must have satisfied

he expectations of the author, had these been far more sanguine than any he ever entertained. It was read and admired universally, bothin Scotland and England, so that in a very short time, above 12,000 copies were disposed of.

It is not our intention to enumerate his various works, deeming them sufficiently known to the public: suffice it to say, that from 1814 to 1830, the labouring press sent forth the productions of his pen in unintermitting succession; indeed it has been said that at one time upwards of 1000 persons were supported by the employment which his numerous works offorded.

The great success of the earlier novels of Sir Walter had encouraged his publishers, Messrs. Constable & Co., to give large sums for these works; and previous to 1824, it was understood that the author had spent from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds, thus acquired, upon his

house and estate at Abbotsford.

Among the eminent persons to whom he had been recommended by his genius and its productions, the late King George IV. was one, and not the least warm in his The poet of Marmion had been honoured admiration. with many interviews by his sovereign, when Prince of Wales and Prince Regent; and his majesty was pleased. in 1820, to create him a baronet of the united kingdom. In 1822, when his Majesty visited Scotland, Sir Walter found the duty imposed upon him of acting as a kind of master of ceremonies, as well as a sort of mediator hetween the sovereign and his people. On the evening of the 14th of August, when his majesty cast anchor in Leith Roads. Sir Walter went out in an open boat, commissioned by the Ludies of Scotland, to welcome the King, and to present his majesty with an elegant cross of St. Andrew, to be worn on his breast as a national emblem. When the King was informed of Sir Walter's approach. he exclaimed, "What! Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland I most wish to see : let him come up." Sir Walter accordingly ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter-deck. Immediately after this national jubilee, Sir Walter had the honour to be anpointed one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county of Roxburgh, in which his house of Abbotsford is situate.

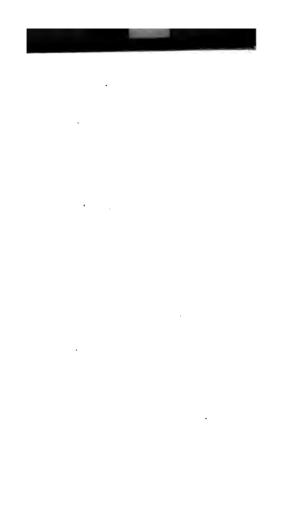
But we come now to a period of our author's life when he was to experience a reverse of fortune. In 1828—a date memorable in the commercial anuals of our country—Mesers. Constable and Co., (to whom Bir Walter had lens acceptances to the amount of shout £20.009) be-

came bankrupt. This blow was endured with a magnanimity worthy of the greatest writer of the age : he was enabled to look adversity full in the face. On the day after the calamity took place, a friend accosted him as he was issuing from his house, and presented the condolences proper to such a melancholy occasion. "It is very hard," said he, in his usual deliberate and thoughtful voice, "thus to lose all the labours of a life-time, and to be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me health and strength for a few years longer. I have no doubt that I shall redeem Abbotsford, in the marriage contract of his eldest son, had been settled on the young pair, so that Sir Walter had hardly any property to present against the immense amount of his debts. He was not, however, to be There was one asset which greatly surdiscouraged. passed the worldly goods of most debtors—his head. "Gentlemen," said he to his claimants, "time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing:"-and no doubt he would, had his life been spared. although his debts amounted in the whole to £102.000. The "Life of Napoleon," and a new edition of the Waverly Novels, enabled him before his death to pay his creditors a dividend of 11s. 8d. in the pound, besides £22,000., the sum in which he had insured his life for their benefit.

His health, from his sixteenth year, had been very good, except a severe illness in 1818-19. In the winter of 1830. however, symptoms of paralysis, a disease hereditary in his family, began to be manifested, which, in the summer of 1831, became gradually more violent. In the autumn. his physiciaus recommended a residence in Italy, as a means of delaying the approaches of his illness-a recommendation with which he reluctantly complied. He set sail in the Barham from Portsmouth, and after a pleasant voyage, during which his health appeared considerably improved, he arrived at Malta, from whence he visited Naples, where he landed on the 27th of November. In April he proceeded to Rome. He inspected the remains of Roman grandeur with great interest, and paid a visit to Tivoli, Albani, and Frescati. . Feeling that his strength was rapidly decaying, he determined upon returning to his native country, and arrived at the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, London, in the spring of 1832, where he was attended by Sir H. Halford and Dr.

Holland. As all help was now, however, useless, it was determined to gratify him in his last wish,-that he might be removed to his native land-to his own home-even at the hazard of accelerating his dissolution by the voyage. He accordingly arrived at Abbotsford on the 11th of July. Here he lingered till the 21st of September. when, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, he expired. His remains were interred at Dryburgh, where the family of the deceased possess a small piece of senulchral ground, amidst the ruins of the abbey.

Sir Walter Scott possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of imagination, with the gift of memory. this be added his strong tendency to venerate past things. we at once have the most obvious features of his intellectual character. A desultory course of reading had brought him into acquaintance with almost all the most fictitious literature that existed before his own day, as well as the minutest points of British, and more particularly Scottish history. His easy and familiar habits had also introduced him to an extensive observation of the varieties of human character. His immense memory retained the ideas thus acquired, and his splendid imagination gave them new shape and colour. Thus, his literary character rests almost exclusively upon his power of combining and embellishing past events, and his skill in delineating natural character. In early life, accident threw his exertions into the shape of verse-in later life. into prose; but in whatever form they appear, the powers are not much different. The same magician is still at work, re-awaking the figures and events of history, or sketching the characters which we every day see around us, and investing the whole with the light of a most extraordinary fancy. His versified writings, though replete with good feeling, display neither the high imaginings nor the profound sympathies which are expected in poetry: their charm lies almost entirely in the re-action of beings long since passed away, or the conception of others who might be supposed to have once existed. As some of the material elements of poetry were thus wanting, it was fortunate that he at last preferred prose as a vehicle for his ideas,-a medium of communication in which no more was expected than what he was able or inclined to give, while it afforded a scope for the delineation of familiar character, which was nearly denied in poetry. As the discoverer and successful cultivator of this kind of flotitious writing. Sir Walter Scott must



LORD OF THE ISLES. CANTO FIRST.

rank among the very highest names in British lite -Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, being the only who can be said to stand on the same level.

Among the minor powers of his mind, humour v of the most prominent. Both in his prose writin in private conversation, he was perpetually makin application to some ancient adage, or some snatch pular literature, or some whimsical anecdote of r which he happened to think appropriate for the He was characterised to a degree uncomi men of much less genius, by his worldly sagaci common sense; the whole tone of his conversati eminently rational-replete, no doubt, with benev with humour, and with lively illustration, but ne a moment forsaking the walk of sound reflective

wisdom.

It is by far the greatest glory of Sir Walter Sec he shone equally as a good and virtuous man, as in his capacity of the first fictitious writer of th His behaviour through life was marked by unde integrity and purity, insomuch that no scandalou per was ever yet circulated against him. The tri ary recollection of his early life is burdened with a of any sort. His character as a husband and a f altogether irreproachable. Indeed, in no single: of life does it appear that he ever incurred the least His good sense, and good feeling united, appear guided him aright through all the difficulties and t tions of life: and, even as a politician, though by many for his exclusive sympathy in the cause blished rule, he was always acknowledged to be nevolent and too unobtrusive to call for severe c Along with the most perfect unrightness of cond was characterised by extraordinary simplicity of m He was invariably gracious and kind; and it was sible ever to detect in his conversation a sympton grounding the slightest title to consideration u literary fame, or of his even being conscious of all men living, the most modest, as likewise the and most virtuous, was Sir Walter Scott.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

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AUTUME departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville;
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
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And harvest home hath hush'd the c wain;

On the waste hill no forms of life appear, Save where, sad laggard of the autumns Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears ter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have I still,

Lovest thou through Autumn's fading restray,

To see the heath flower wither'd on the hi
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,

To note the red leaf shivering on the spra
To mark the last bright tints the mounts
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O! if such scenes thou lov'st, scorn not the

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser no Scarce with the cushat's homely song c Though faint its beauties as the tints ren That gleam through mist in autumn's aky,

And few as leaves that tremble, sear and When wild November hath his bugle v Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,

Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest
bound,

Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough west reproved,
Still live some reliques of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the mighty of the
Isles.

I.

"WAKE. Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung. Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung, And the dark seas, thy towers that lave, Heaved on the beach a softer wave. As mid the tuneful choir to keep The diapason of the deep. Lull'd were the winds on Inninmore. And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore. As if wild woods and waves had pleasure In listing to the lovely measure. And ne'er to symphony more sweet Gave mountain echoes answer meet. Since, met from mainland and from isle, Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle, Each minstrel's tributary lay Paid homage to the festal day. Dull and dishonour'd were the bard. Worthless of guerdon and regard, Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame, Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim, Who on that morn's resistless call Were silent in Artornish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" 'twas thus they sung. And yet more proud the descantrung: "Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours, To charm dull sleep from Beauty's bowers : Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy But owns the power of minstrelsy. In Lettermore the timid deer Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear: Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark Will long pursue the minstrel's bark: To list his notes, the eagle proud Wiil poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud: Then let not Maiden's ear disdain The summons of the minstrel train. But, while our harps wild music make, Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shine, Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine! She bids the mottled thrush rejoice To mate thy melody of voice;

The dew that on the violet lies Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes; 6 But, Edith, wake, and all we see Of sweet and fair, shall yield to thee!"-"She comes not yet," grey Ferrand cried; "Brethren, let softer spell be tried, Those notes prolong'd, that soothing theme, Which best may mix with Beauty's dream, And whisper, with their silvery tone, The hope she loves, yet fears to own." He spoke, and on the harp-strings died The strains of flattery and of pride; More soft, more low, more tender fell The lay of love he bade them tell.

IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fly, Which yet that maiden-name allow; Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh, When Love shall claim a plighted vow. By Fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest, By Hope, that soon shall fears remove, We bid thee break the bonds of rest, And wake thee at the call of Love! "Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay Lies many a galley gaily mann'd,

We hear the merry pibrochs play,
We see the streamers' silken band,
What Chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell,
What crest is on these banners wove,
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—
The riddle must be read by Love."

٧.

Retired her maiden train among, Edith of Lorn received the song. But tamed the minstrel's pride had been That had her cold demeanour seen: For not upon her cheek awoke The glow of pride when Flattery spoke. Nor could their tenderest numbers bring One sigh responsive to the string. As vainly had her maidens vied In skill, to deck the princely bride. Her locks, in dark-brown length array'd, Cathleen of Ulne, 'twas thine to braid: Young Eva with meet reverence drew On the light foot the silken shoe, While on the ancle's slender round Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound. That, bleach'd Lochryan's depths within. Seem'd dusky still on Edith's skin.

But Einion, of experience old, Had weightiest task—the mantle's fold In many an artful plait she tied, To show the form it seem'd to hide, Till on the floor descending roll'd Its waves of crimson blent with gold,

VI.

O! lives there now so cold a maid,
Who thus in beauty's pomp array'd,
In beauty's proudest pitch of power,
And conquest won—the bridal hour—
With every charm that wins the heart,
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,
Could yet the fair reflection view,
In the bright mirror pictured true,
And not one dimple on her cheek
A tell-tale consciousness bespeak?—
Lives still such maid?—Fair damsels, say,
For further vouches not my lay,
Save that such lived in Britain's isle,
When Lorn's bright Edith scorn'd to smile,

VII.

Put Morag, to whose fostering care Proud Lorn had given his daughter fair,

tho saw a mother's aid laughter's love repaid, as that bond-most kind of allin Highland hall-) rag sate a space apart. 's eyes to read her heart. he attendants' fond appeal g's skill, to Morag's zeal; c'd her child receive their care he image sculptured fair. f some sainted patroness,) oister'd maids combine to dress; r'd-and knew her nursling's heart in pomp took little part. while she gazed—then press'd len to her anxious breast 'd loveliness-and led a turret's airy head. and steep, and battled round, 'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound, hwarting tides, with mingled roar, swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

iter," she said, "these seas behold, wice s hundred islands roll'd,

From Hirt, that hears their northern roar. To the green Ilay's fertile shore: Or mainland turn, where many a tower Owns thy bold brother's feudal power. Each on its own dark cape reclined. And listening to its own wild wind. From where Mingarry, sternly placed, O'erawes the woodland and the waste. To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging Of Connal with his rocks engaging. Think'st thou, amid this ample round, A single brow but thine has frown'd, To sadden this auspicious morn, That bids the daughter of high Lorn Impledge her spousal faith to wed The heir of mighty Somerled? Ronald, from many a hero sprung, The fair, the valiant, and the young, LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name A thousand bards have given to fame. . The mate of monarchs, and allied On equal terms with England's pride .-From chieftain's tower to bondsman's cot, Who hears the tale, and triumphs not? The damsel dons her best attire. The shepherd lights his beltane fire.

Joy, joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy, joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
Yet empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh,
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle-horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the heart,

That bound in strong affection's chain, Looks for return, and looks in vain? No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot In these brief words—He loves her not!

X.

"Debate it not-too long I strove To call his cold observance love. All blinded by the league that styled Edith of Lorn,-while, yet a child She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side .--The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride. Ere vet I saw him, while afar His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war. Train'd to believe our fates the same. My bosom throbb'd when Ronald's name Came gracing Fame's heroic tale, Like perfume on the summer gale. What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold: Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise, But his achievements swell'd the lays? Even Morag-not a tale of fame Was hers but closed with Ronald's name. He came! and all that had been told Of his high worth seemed poor and cold,

Tame, lifeless, void of energy, Unjust to Ronald and to me!

XI.

"Since then, what thought had Edith's heart,
And gave not plighted love its part?—
And what requital? cold delay—
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day—
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear, that though he may not scorn
A daughter of the House of Lorn,
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,
Again they meet, to part no more?"

XII.

—"Hush, daughter, hush! thy doubts remove, More nobly think of Ronald's love. Look, where beneath the castle grey His fleet unmoor from Aros bay! See'st not each galley's topmast bend, As on the yards the sails ascend? Hiding the dark-blue land they rise,
Like the white clouds on April skies;
The shouting vassals man the oars,
Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores,
Onward their merry course they keep,
Through whistling breeze and foaming deep;
And mark the headmost, seaward cast,
Stoop to the freshening gale her mast,
As if she veil'd its banner'd pride,
To greet afar her prince s bride!
Thy Ronald comes, and while in speed
His galley mates the flying steed,
He chides her sloth!"—Fair Edith sigh'd,
Blush'd, sadly smil'd, and thus replied:—

XIII.

"Sweet thought but vain!—No, Morag! mark,
Type of his course, you lonely bark,
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,
To win its way against the gale.
Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes
Have view'd by fits the course she tries;
Now though the darkening scud comes on,
And dawn's fair promises be gone,
And though the weary crew may see
Our sheltered haven on their lee,

Still closer to the rising wind
They strive her shivering sails to bind,
Still nearer to the shelves' dread verge
At every tack her course they urge,
As if they fear'd Artornish more
Than adverse winds and breakers' roar."

XIV.

Sooth spoke the Maid.—Amid the tide The skiff she mark'd lay tossing sore. And shifted oft her stooping side, In weary tack from shore to shore : Vet on her destined course no more She gain'd, of forward way, Than what a minstrel may compare To the poor meed which peasants share, Who toil the livelong day: And such the risk her pilot braves. That oft, before she wore, Her boltsprit kiss'd the broken waves. Where in white foam the ocean raves Upon the shelving shore. Yet, to the destined purpose true, Undaunted toil'd her hardy crew. Nor look'd where shelter lay, Nor for Artornish Castle drew. Nor steer'd for Aros bay.

XV.

Thus while they strove with wind and seas,
Borne onward by the willing breeze,
Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,
Streamer'd with silk, and trick'd with gold,
Mann'd with the noble and the bold
Of Island chivalry.

Around their prows the ocean roars, And chafes beneath a thousand oars,

Yet bears them on their way: So chafes the war-horse in his might, That fieldward bears some valiant knight, Champs, till both bit and boss are white,

But, foaming, must obey.

On each gay deck they might behold

Lances of steel and crests of gold,

And hauberks with their burnish'd fold.

That shimmer'd fair and free; And each proud galley, as she pass'd, To the wild cadence of the blast

Gave wilder minstrelsy.

Full many a shrill triumphant note
Schne and Scallastle bade float

Their misty shores around;

And Morven's echoes answer'd well,
And Duart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that labouring bark they spied,
"Twas with such idle eye
As nobles east on lowly boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
They pass him careless by.
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes!
But, had they known what mighty prize
In that frail vessel lay,
That famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,

Unchanging were her way!

And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on,
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone!
But hadst thou known who sail'd so nigh,
Far other glance were in thine eye!
Far other flush were in thy brow,
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer
Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

XVII.

Yes, sweep they on !—We will not leave,
For them that triumph, those who grieve;
With that armada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And bards to cheer the wassail rout
With tale, romance, and lay;
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupify and stun its smart,
For one loud busy day.
Yes, sweep they on !—But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale,
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,
Labour which strained each sinew stiff,
And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd
More fierce from strait and lake;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides with foam and fret,
And high their mingling billows jet,
As spears, that, in the battle set,

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Spring upward as they break. Then, too, the lights of eve were past, And louder sung the western blast On rocks of Inninmore; Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,

And many a leak was gaping fast, And the pale steersman stood aghast, And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX

Twas then that One, whose lofty look for labour dull'd nor terror shook, Thus to the Leader spoke:-Brother, how hop'st thou to abide e fury of this wilder'd tide, how avoid the rock's rude side, Until the day has broke? t thou not mark the vessel reel, quivering planks, and groaning keel, .t the last billow's shock? w of better counsel tell, h here thou see'st poor Isabel If dead with want and fear; con sea, or look on land, lark sky, on every hand pair and death are near.

. For her alone I grieve—on me Danger sits light by land and sea, I follow where thou wilt; Either to bide the tempest's lour, Or wend to you unfriendly tower, Or rush amid their naval power, With war-cry wake their wassail-hour, And die with hand on hilt,"—

XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply
In steady voice was given,
"In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale

Let our free course be driven; So shall we 'scape the western bay, The hostile fleet, the unequal fray, So safely hold our vessel's way

Beneath the Castle wall;
For if a hope of safety rest,
'Tis on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter, storm distress'd,
Within a chieftain's hall.

If not—it best beseems our worth, Our name, our right, our lofty birth, By noble hands to fall."

XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consign'd, Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind, And on her alter'd way. Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship, Like grevhound starting from the slip To seize his flying prey. Awaked before the rushing prow, The mimic fires of ocean glow Those lightnings of the wave; Wild sparkles crest the broken tides, And, flashing round, the vessel's sides With elvish lustre lave. While, far behind, their livid light To the dark billows of the night A gloomy splendour gave; It seems as if old Ocean shakes From his dark brow the livid flakes In envious pageantry, To match the meteor light that streaks Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
Their course upon the darken'd deep;—
Artornish, on her frowning steep
'Twixt cloud and ocean hung.
Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,
And landward far, and far to sea,
Her festal radiance flung.
By that blithe beacon light they steer'd,
Whose lustre mingled well
With the pale beam that now appear'd,
As the cold moon her head uprear'd
Above the eatern fell.

XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bore,
Until they near'd the mainland shore,
When frequent on the hollow blast
Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry
With wassail sounds in concert vie,
Like funeral shricks with revelvy,
Or like the battle-shout

By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,
Madden the fight and rout.
Now nearer yet, through mist and storm
Dimly rose the Castle's form,
And deepen'd shadow made,
Far lengthen'd on the main below,
Where, dancing in reflected glow,
An hundred torches play'd,
Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in the vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade.

XXIV.

Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,
They staid their course in quiet sea.
Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
So strait, so high, so steep,
With peasant's staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd,
'Gainst hundreds arm'd with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep.
His bugle then the helmsman wound;
Loud answer'd every echo round,

From turret, rock, and bay,

The postern's hinges crash and groan,
And soon the warder's cresset shone
On those rude steps of slippery stone,
To light the upward way.
"Thrice welcome, holy Sire!" he said;
"Full long the spousal train have staid,
And, vex'd at thy delay,
Fear'd lest, amidst these wildering seas,
The darksome night and freshening breeze
Had driven thy bark astray."—

XXV.

"Warder," the younger stranger said,
"Thine erring guess some mirth had made
In mirthful hour; but nights like these,
When the rough winds wake western seas,
Brook not of glee. We crave some aid
And needful shelter for this maid

Until the break of day;
For, to ourselves, the deck's rude plank
Is easy as the mossy bank

That's breathed upon by May.

And for our storm-toss'd skiff we seck

Short shelter in this leeward creek,

Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak

Again to bear away."—

Answered the Warder, "In what name Assert ye hospitable claim?

Whence come, or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails?
Or come ye on Norweyan gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none For some brief space we list to own, Bound by a vow—warriors are we; In strife by land, and storm by sea,

We have been known to fame; And these brief words have import dear, When sounded in a noble ear, To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,

That gives us rightful claim. Grant us the trivial boon we seek, And we in other realms will speak

Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your niggard Hold
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no-'gainst claim like thine, No bolt revolves by hand of mine, Though urged in tone that more express'd A monarch than a suppliant guest. Be what ye will, Artornish Hall On this glad eve is free to all. Though ve had drawn a hostile sword 'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord, Or mail upon your shoulders borne To battle with the Lord of Lorn. Or outlaw'd dwelt by greenwood tree With the fierce knight of Ellerslie, Or aided even the murderous strife, When Comyn fell beneath the knife Of that fell homicide the Bruce, This night had been a term of truce.-Ho, vassals! give these guests your care, And show the narrow postern stair."

XXVIII.

To land these two bold brethren leapt, (The weary crew their vessel kept,) And, lighted by the torches' flare,
That seaward flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder lean'd her head,
And down her long dark tresses shed,
As the wild vine, in tendrils spread,
Droops from the mountain oak.
Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
And in his hand a sheathed sword,
Such as few arms could wield;
But when he bound him to such task,
Well could it cleave the strongest casque,

And rend the surest shield.

XXIX.

The rais'd portcullis' arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low,
Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,
Where bowmen might in ambush wait,
(If force or fraud should burst the gate)
To gall an entering foe.
But every jealous post of ward
Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,
And all the passage free

To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,

Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,

Plied their loud revelry.

XXX.

And "Rest ve here," the Warder bade, "Till to our Lord your suit is said .--And, comrades, gaze not on the Maid, And on these men who ask our aid. As if we ne'er had seen A damsel tired of midnight bark. Or wanderers of a moulding stark. And bearing martial mien." But not for Eachin's reproof Would page or vassal stand aloof. But crowded on to stare. As men of courtesy untaught, Till fiery Edward roughly caught, From one the foremost there. His chequer'd plaid, and in its shroud, To hide her from the vulgar crowd, Involved his sister fair. His brother as the clansman bent His sullen brow in discontent. Made brief and stern excuse :--

"Vassal, were thine the cloak of pall That decks thy Lord in bridal hall, "Twere honoured by her use."

XXXI.

Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high,

Which common spirits fear; Needed nor word nor signal more, Nod, wink, and laughter, all were o'er; Upon each other back they bore,

And gazed like startled deer. But now appear'd the Seneschal, Commission'd by his lord to call The strangers to the Baron's hall,

Where feasted fair and free That Island Prince in nuptial tide, With Edith there his lovely bride, And her bold brother by her side, And many a chief, the flower and pride

Of Western land and sea.

Here pause we, gentles, for a space;

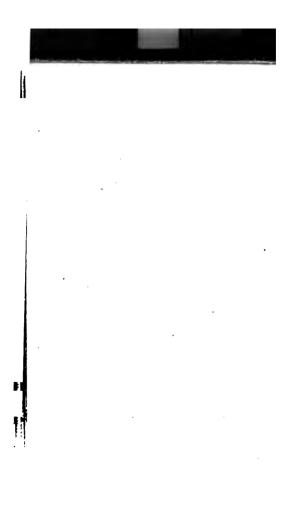
And, if our tale hath won your grace,

Grant us brief patience, and again

We will renew the minstrel strain.

THE

LORD OF THE ISLES. CANTO SECOND.



THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

T.

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care!
But ask thou not if happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal wee.

TT.

With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay, With all that olden time deem'd gay, The highland Chieftain feasted high; But there was in his troubled eye

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A gloomy fire, and on his brow

Now sudden flush'd, and faded now,
Emotions such as draw their birth

From deeper source than festal mirth.

By fits he paused, and harper's strain,
And jester's tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear

Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.

Then would he rouse him, and employ
Each art to aid the clamorous joy,
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he was loudest of the loud,
Seem gayest of the gay.

TIT.

Yet nought amiss the bridal throng
Mark'd in brief mirth, or musing long;
The vacant brow, the unlistening ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden glee
Seem'd bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy.
Nor thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicious, proud,
And jealous of his honour'd line,
And that keen knight, De Argentine,

(From England sent on errand high,
The western league more firm to tie,)
Both deem'd in Roland's mood to find
A lover's transport-troubled mind.
But one sad heart, one tearful eye,
Pierced deeper through the mystery,
And watch'd, with agony and fear,
Her wayward bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV.

She watch'd—yet fear'd to meet his glance, And he shunn'd hers;—till when by chance They met, the point of foeman's lance

Had given a milder pang!

Beneath the intolerable smart

He writhed;—then sternly mann'd his heart

To play his hard but destined part,

And from the table sprang.

"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled:
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
To you, brave lord and brother mine,
Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—

The union of Our House with thine, By this fair bridal-link!"—

٧.

"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn. "And in good time-that winded horn Must of the Abbot tell: The laggard monk is come at last." Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast. And on the floor at random cast. The untasted goblet fell. But when the warder in his ear Tells other news, his blither cheer Returns like sun of May, When through a thunder-cloud it beams !--Lord of two hundred isles, he seems As glad of brief delay, As some poor criminal might feel. When from the gibbet or the wheel Respited for a day.

VI.

"Brother of Lorn," with hurried voice He said, "And you, fair lords, rejoice! Here, to augment our glee, Come wandering knights from travel far, Well proved, they say, in strife of war, And tempest on the sea.—

Ho! give them at your board such place As best their presences may grace,

And bid them welcome free!"
With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scann'd
Of these strange guests; and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due;

For, though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,

And soil'd their gilded spurs, Yet such a high commanding grace Was in their mien and in their face, As suited best the princely dais,

And royal canopy;

And there he marshall'd them their place,

First of that company.

VII.

Then the lords and ladies spake aside, And angry looks the error chide, That gave to guests unnamed, unknown, A place so near their prince's throne; But Owen Erraught said,

"For forty years a seneschal,

To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honour'd trade.

Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by furr'd robe or broider'd zone;
And 'gainst an oaken bough

I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now."—

VIII.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
"Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell;
Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
How fierce its flashes fell,
Glancing among the noble rout,
As if to seek the noblest out,
Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look?
And yet it moves me more
That steady, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now

Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of mortal rank and state
Seem objects of indifferent weight.
The lady too—though closely tied
The mantle veil both face and eye,
Her motions' grace it could not hide,
Nor could her form's fair symmetry."

IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn
Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn,
From underneath his brows of pride,
The stranger guests he sternly eyed,
And whisper'd closely what the ear
Of Argentine alone might hear;

Then question'd, high and brief,
If, in their voyage, aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew.

With Carrick's outlaw'd chief?
And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbour'd still by Ulster's shore,
Or launch'd their galleys on the main,
To vex their native land again?

X.

That younger stranger, fierce and high, At once confronts the Chieftain's eye With look of equal scorn :-"Of Rebels have we nought to show: But if of Royal Bruce thou'dst know. I warn thee he has sworn, Ere thrice three days shall come and go. His banner Scottish winds shall blow. Despite each mean and mighty foe, From England's every bill and bow, To Allaster of Lorn." Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire. But Ronald quench'd the rising fire: "Brother, it better suits the time To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme, Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine, the jars That flow from these unhappy wars."-"Content," said Lorn: and spoke apart With Ferrand, master of his art. Then whisper'd Argentine,-

"The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty heart,
If right this guess of mine."
He ceased, and it was silence all,
Until the Minstrel waked the hall.

XI.

The Brooch of Lorn.

"WHENCE the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

"Gem! ne'er wrought on highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did in Iceland's darksome mine
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love, or France's fear?

XII.

Song continued.

"No! thy splendours nothing tell Foreign art or faëry spell. Moulded thou for Monarch's use, By the overweening Bruce, When the royal robe he tied O'er a heart of wrath and pride; Thence in triumph wert thou torn By the victor hand of Lorn!

"When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scap'd with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

XIII.

Song concluded.

"Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fied its former Lord, Left his men to brand and cord, Bloody brand of Highland steel, English gibbet, axe, and wheel. Let him fly from coast to coast, Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost, While his spoils, in triumph worn, Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

XIV.

As glares the tiger on his foes, Hemm'd in by hunters, spears, and bows, And, ere he bounds upon the ring, Selects the object of his spring,-Now on the bard, now on his Lord, So Edward glared and grasp'd his sword-But stern his brother spoke,-"Be still. What! art thou vet so wild of will. After high deeds and sufferings long, To chafe thee for a menial's song?-Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains, To praise the hand that pays thy pains: Yet something might thy song have told Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold, Who rent their Lord from Bruce's hold, As underneath his knee he lay. And died to save him in the fray.

I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp Was clench'd within their dying grasp, What time a hundred foemen more Rush'd in and back the victor bore, Long after Lorn had left the strife, Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.— Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold, As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold, For future lays a fair excuse, To speak more nobly of the Bruce."

XV.

"I'ow, by Columbia's shrine, I swear,
And every saint that's buried there,
"Tis he himself!" Lorn sternly cries,
"And for my kinsman's death he dies."
As loudly Ronald calls—"Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O'ermatch'd by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my hall!
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be misfortune's resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distress'd,
No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd guest."
"Talk not to me," fierce Lorn replied,
"Of odds or match!—when Comyn died,
Three daggers clash'd within his side!

Talk not to me of sheltering hall;
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!
On God's own altar stream'd his blood,
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer—e'en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow!—
Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlaw'd felons low!"

XVI.

Then up sprung many a mainland Lord. Obedient to their Chieftain's word. Barcaldine's arm is high in air. And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare. Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath. And clench'd is Dermid's hand of death. Their mutter'd threats of vengeance swell Into a wild and warlike yell; Onward they press with weapons high, The affrighted females shrick and fly, And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray Had darken'd ere its noon of day. But every chief of birth and fame, That from the isles of Ocean came. At Ronald's side that hour withstood Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high, Lord of the misty hills of Skye, Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane. Duart, of bold Clan Gillian's strain. Fergus, of Canna's castled bay, Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay, Soon as they saw the broad swords glance, With ready weapons rose at once, More prompt, that many an ancient feud. Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd, Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle, And many a lord of ocean's isle. Wild was the scene-each sword was bare. Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy hair, In gloomy opposition set, Eves, hands, and brandish'd weapons met: Blue gleaming o'er the social board, Flash'd to the torches many a sword: And soon those bridal lights may shine On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.

While thus for blows and death prepared,

Each heart was up each weapon bared.

ch foot advanced.-a surly pause il reverenced hospitable laws. menaced violence, but alike uctant each the first to strike. r ave accursed in minstrel line he who brawls 'mid song and wine.) d, match'd in numbers and in might. ubtful and desperate seem'd the fight. is threat and murmur died away. on the crowded hall there lav h silence, as the deadly still. burst the thunder on the hill. th blade advanced, each Chieftain bold w'd like the Sworder's form of old. wanting still the torch of life. wake the marble into strife.

XIX.

it awful pause the stranger maid, d Edith, seized to pray for aid. to De Argentine she clung, 'ay her veil the stranger flung, d, lovely 'mid her wild despair, st stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her hair.) thou, of knighthood once the flower, we refuge in distressful hour, Thou, who in Judah well hast fought For our dear faith, and oft hast sought Renown in knightly exercise. When this poor hand has dealt the prize, Sav. can thy soul of honour brook On the unequal strife to look. When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall. Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall?" To Argentine she turn'd her word. But her eye sought the Island Lord. A flush like evening's setting flame Glow'd on his cheek; his hardy frame, As with a brief convulsion, shook: With hurried voice and eager look,-"Fear not," he said, "my Isabel! What said I-Edith!-all is well-Nav. fear not-I will yet provide The safety of my lovely bride-My bride?"-but there the accents clung In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim
The prisoners in his sovereign's name;
To England's crown, who, vassals sworn,
'Gainst their liege lord had weapons borne—

speech, I ween, was but to hide are their safety to provide: night more true in thought and deed Argentine ne'er spurr'd a steed) lonald, who his meaning guess'd, d half to sanction the request. surpose fiery Torquil broke; ewhat we've heard of England's voke." id, "and, in our islands, Fame whisper'd of a lawful claim. calls the Bruce fair Scotland's Lord. rh dispossess'd by foreign sword. waves reflection-but though right ust the charge of England's Knight. ngland's crown her rebels seize e she has power: in towers like these, t Scottish Chieftains summon'd here idal mirth and bridal cheer, re, with no consent of mine. either Lorn or Argentine chains or violence, in our sight, ass a brave and banish'd knight."

XXI.

waked the wild debate again,
brawling threat and clamour vain.

Vassals and menials, thronging in,
Lent their brute rage to swell the din;
When, far and wide, a bugle-clang
From the dark ocean upward rang.
"The Abbot comes!" they cry at once,
"The holy man, whose favour'd glance

Hath sainted visions known;
Angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed martyrs' bay,
And by Columbar's stone.

His monks have heard their hymning high Sound from the summit of Dun-Y,

To cheer his penance lone, When at each cross, on girth and wold, (Their number thrice a hundred-fold,) His prayer he made, his beads he told,

With Aves many a one—
He comes our feuds to reconcile,
A sainted man from sainted isle;
We will his holy doom abide,
The abbot shall our strife decide."

TIXX.

Scarcely this fair accord was o'er,
When through the wide revolving door
The black-stoled brethren wind;

Twelve sandall'd monks, who reliques bore,
With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a cross behind.
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight;
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.

The Abbot on the threshold stood, and in his hand the holy rood; back on his shoulders flow'd his hood.

The torch's glaring ray
now'd, in its red and flashing light,
is wither'd cheek and amice white,
s blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and grey.
air Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love,
l peace be with you from above,
And Benedicite!—

it what means this? no peace is here!
irks unsheathed suit bridal cheer?
It are these naked brands

A seemly show for Churchman's night, When he comes summon'd to units Betrothed hearts and hands?"

XXIV.

Then, cloaking hate with fiery seal,
Proud Lorn first answer'd the appeal;
"Thou comest, O holy Man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church for murder done

Of Pope and Church for murder done
Even on the sacred altar stone!—
Well mayst thou wonder we should know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce!
Yet well I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."—

XXV.

Then Ronald pled the stranger's cause, And knighthood's oath and honour's laws; And Isabel, on bended knee, Brought pray'rs and tears to back the plea: l Edith lent her generous aid,
l wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd.
ence," he exclaimed, "degenerate maid!
s't not enough to Ronald's bower
rought thee, like a paramour,
bond-maid at her master's gate,
careless cold approach to wait?—
the bold Lord of Cumberland,
gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand;
it shall be—Nay, no reply!
nce! till those rebel eyes be dry."
th grief the Abbot heard and saw,
nought relax'd his brow of awe,

XXVI.

m Argentine, in England's name, highly urged his sovereign's claim, waked a spark, that, long suppress'd, i smouldered in Lord Ronald's breast; i now, as from the flint the fire, sh'd forth at once his generous ire. nough of noble blood," he said, y English Edward had been shed, ce matchless Wallace first had been mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green,

And done to death by felon hand. For guarding well his father's land. Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye, And valiant Seton-where are they? Where Somerville, the kind and free? And Fraser, flower of chivalry? Have they not been on gibbet bound. Their quarters flung to hawk and hound? And hold we here a cold debate. To yield more victims to their fate? What? can the English Leopard's mood Never be gorged with northern blood? Was not the life of Athole shed. To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed? And must his word at dying day, Be nought but quarter, hang and slay?-Thou frown'st, De Argentine.-My gage Is prompt to prove the strife I wage."-

XXVII.

"Nor deem," said stout Dunvegan's knigh
"That thou shalt brave alone the fight;
By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild, (my grandsire's oath,)
Let Rome and England do their worse.

Howe'er attainted or accurse.

If Bruce shall e'er find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back.—
Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold,
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth, or Rome's applause."—

XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eye severe
The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turn'd the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eyes, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he question'd him—"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise, and opens hell;

Anathema of power so dread. It blends the living with the dead. Bids each good angel soar away. And every ill one claim his prev: Expels thee from the church's care. And deafens Heaven against thy prayer, Arms every hand against the life. Bans all who aid thee in the strife, Nav. each whose succour, cold and scant, With meanest alms relieves thy want: Haunts thee while living .-- and, when dead. Dwells on thy yet devoted head, Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse. Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse, And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd ground, Flung like vile carrion to the hound? Such is the dire and desperate doom For sacrilege decreed by Rome; And such the well-deserved meed Of thine unhallow'd, ruthless deed."-

XXIX.

"Abbot!" the Bruce replied, "thy charge It boots not to dispute at large. This much, howe'er, I bid thee know, No selfish vengeance dealt the blow. For Comyn died his country's foe. Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed Fulfill'd my soon repented deed, Nor censure those from whose stern tongue The dire anathema has rung. I only blame mine own wild ire. By Scotland's wrong incensed to fire. Heaven knows my purpose to atone. Far as I may, the evil done, And hears a penitent's appeal From papal curse and prelate's seal. My first and dearest task achieved. Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved. Shall many a priest in cope and stole Say requiem for Red Comvn's soul. While I the blessed cross advance. And expiate this unhappy chance, In Palestine, with sword and lance. But, while content the church should know My conscience owns the debt I owe. Unto De Argentine and Lorn The name of traitor I return. Bid them defiance stern and high. And give them in their throats the lie! These brief words spoke, I speak no more. Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er."

XXX.

Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance,
Convulsions of eestatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light,
Upon his locks of silver white;
Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguish'd accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.

XXXI.

"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread To speak my curse upon thy head, And give thee as an outcast o'er To him who burns to shed thy gore; — But, like the Midianite of old, Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controll'd, I feel within mine aged breast A power that will not be repress'd. It prompts my voice, it swells my veins, It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—

De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'ermaster'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"—
He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eve. Again his form swells bold and high The broken voice of age is gone. Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone ---"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain. Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en, A hunted wanderer on the wild. On foreign shores a man exil'd. Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd. I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd! Bless'd in the hall and in the field. Under the mantle as the shield. Avenger of thy country's shame. Restorer of her injured fame. Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword, De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord, . Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame, What lengthen'd honours wait thy name!

In distant ages, sire to son Shall tell thy tale of freedom won, And teach his infants, in the use Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce. Go, then, triumphant! sweep along Thy course, the theme of many a song! The Power, whose dictates swell my breast Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd Enough-my short-lived strength decays, And sinks the momentary blaze .--Heaven hath our destined purpose broke, Not here must nuptial vow be spoke; Brethren, our errand here is o'er. Our task discharged.--Unmoor, unmoor!" His priests received the exhausted Monk. As breathless in their arms he sunk. Punctual his orders to obev. The train refused all longer stay, Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.

THE

LORD OF THE ISLES. CANTO THIRD.



THE LORD OF THE ISLES. CANTO THIRD.

T.

Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head

Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the gronning hill!

IL.

Artonish! such a silence sunk
Upon thy walls, when that grey Monk
His prophet-speech had spoken;

And his obedient brethren's sail

Was stretch'd to meet the southern gale

Before a whisper woke.

Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fea

Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,

The solemn stillness broke;
And still they gazed with eager guess,
Where, in an oriel's deep recess,
The Island Prince seem'd bent to press
What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,
And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to hear.

III.

Starting at length with frowning look,
His hand he clench'd, his hand he shook,
And sternly flung apart;—
"And deem'st thou me so mean of mood,
As to forget the mortal feud,
And clasp the hand with blood imbrued
From my dear Kinsman's heart?
To this the redo?—a due noture.

Is this thy rede?—a due return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.
Be it even so—believe, ere long,
He that now bears shall wreak the wrong

Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn!
My sister, slaves!—for further scorn,
Be sure nor she nor I will stay.—
Away, De Argentine, away!
We nor ally nor brother know,
In Bruce's friend, or England's foe."

IV.

But who the chieftain's rage can tell. When, sought from lowest dungeon cell To highest tower the castle round, No Lady Edith was there found? He shouted, "Falsehood!-treachery!-Revenge and blood !-- a lordly meed To him that will avenge the deed! A Baron's lands!"—His frantic mood Was scarcely by the news withstood, That Morag shared his sister's flight. And that, in hurry of the night, 'Scaped noteless, and without remark, Two strangers sought the Abbot's bark.-"Man every galley !--fly--pursue ! The priest his treachery shall rue! Ay, and the time shall quickly come, When we shall hear the thanks that Rome Will pay his feigned prophery?"
Such was fierce Lorn's indignant cry;
And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd,
(For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.)
But others, lingering, spoke apart,—
"The Maid has given her maiden heart
To Bonald of the Isles,

To Bonald of the Isles,
And, fearful lest her brother's word
Bestow her on that English Lord,
She seeks Iona's piles,
And wisely deems it best to dwell
A votaress in the holy cell,
Until these feuds so fierce and fell
The Abbot reconciles."

V.

As, impotent of ire, the hall
Echoed to Lorn's impatient call,
"My horse, my mantle, and my train!
Let none who honour Lorn remain!"—
Courteous, but stern, a bold request
To Bruce De Argentine express'd.
"Lord Earl," he said,—"I cannot chuse
But yield such title to the Bruce,

Though name and Earldom both are gone,
Since he braced rebel's armour on—
But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
Of late, and launch'd at Argentine;
Such as compels me to demand
Redress of honour at thy hand.
We need not to each other tell,
That both can wield their weapons well;
Then do me but the soldier grace,
This glove upon thy helm to place
Where we may meet in fight;
And I will say, as still I've said,
Though by ambition far misled,
Thou art a noble knight."—

VI.

"And I," the princely Bruce replied,
"Might term it stain on knighthood's pride,
That the bright sword of Argentine
Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine;
But, for your brave request,
Be sure the honour'd pledge you gave
In every battle-field shall wave
Upon my helmet-crest;
Believe, that if my hasty tongue
Hath done thine honour causeless wrong,
It shall be well redress'd.

Nor dearer to my soul was glove Bestow'd in youth by lady's love, Than this which thou hast given! Thus, then, my noble foe I greet; Health and high fortune till we meet, And then—what pleases Heaven."

VII.

Thus parted they-for now, with sound Like waves roll'd back from rocky ground, The friends of Lorn retire: Each mainland chieftain, with his train. Draws to his mountain towers again, Pondering how mortal schemes prove vain. And mortal hopes expire. But through the castle double guard. By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful ward, Wicket and gate were trebly barr'd. By beam and bolt and chain; Then of the guests, in courteous sort, He pray'd excuse for mirth broke short, And bade them in Artornish fort In confidence remain. Now torch and menial tendance led Chieftain and knight to bower and bed.

And beads were told, and Aves said,

And soon they sunk away
Into such sleep, as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head,
After a toilsome day.

VIII.

But soon uproused, the Monarch cried To Edward slumbering by his side. "Awake, or sleep for ave! Even now there jarr'd a secret door-A taper light gleams on the floor-Up, Edward, up, I say! Some one glides in like midnight ghost-Nav. strike not! 'tis our noble Host." Advancing then his taper's flame, Ronald stept forth, and with him came Dunvegan's chief-each bent the knee To Bruce, in sign of fealty, And proffer'd him his sword, And hail'd him, in a monarch's style, As king of mainland and of isle, And Scotland's rightful lord. "And O." said Ronald, "own'd of Heaven! Say, is my erring youth forgiven, By falsehood's arts from duty driven.

Who rebel falchion drew,
Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
Even while I strove against thy claim,
Paid homage just and true?"—
"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,"
Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,
Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.
The Chieftain to his breast he press'd,
And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might,
To repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weigh'd,
Ere banners raised and musters made,
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
In answer, Bruce his purpose bold
To his new vassals frankly told.
"The winter worn in exile o'er,
I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore.
I thought upon my native Ayr,
And long'd to see the burly fare

That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
Now echoes through my father's hall.
But first my course to Arran led,
Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
And on the sea, by tempest toss'd,
Our barks dispersed, our purpose cross'd,
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,
Far from her destined course had run,
When that wise will, which masters ours,
Compell'd us to your friendly towers."

X.

Then Torquil spoke: "The time craves speed! We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pray our Sovereign Liege
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Artornish towers,
And England's light-arm'd vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each shore.
Then till this fresh alarm pass by,
Secret and safe my Liege must lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye;

72 THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."—
"Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald cried;
"Myself will on my sovereign wait,
And raise in arms the men of Sleate,
Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs debate,
Shalt sway their souls by council sage,
And awe them by thy locks of age."—
—"And if my words in weight shall fail,
This ponderous sword shall turn the scale."—

XI.

"The scheme," said Bruce, "contents me well Meantime, 'twere best that Isabel,
For safety, with thy bark and crew
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward, too, shall with her wend,
In need to cheer her and defend,
And muster up each scatter'd friend."—
Here seem'd it as Lord Ronald's car
Would other counsel gladlier hear;
But, all achieved as soon as plann'd,
Both barks, in secret arm'd and mann'd,
From out the haven bore;
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of winged Skye,

And that for Erin's shore.

XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favouring winds they gave the sail,
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.
But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, fain to strike the galley's yard,

And take them to the oar, With these rude seas, in weary plight, They strove the livelong day and night, Nor till the dawning had a sight

Of Skye's romantic shore. Where Coolin stoops him to the west, They saw upon his shiver'd crest

The sun's arising gleam; But such the labour and delay, Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay, (For calmer heaven compell'd to stay,)

He shot a western beam.
Then Ronald said, "If true mine eye,
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathnardill and Dunskye;

No human foot comes here, And, since these adverse breezes blow, If my good Liege love hunter's bow, Who hinders that on land we go. And strike a mountain-deer?

Allan, my page, shall with us wend;

A bow full deftly can he bend,

And, if we meet a herd, may send

A shaft shall mend our cheer."

Then each took bow and bolts in hand,

Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,

And left their skiff and train,

Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,

Came brawling down its bed of rock,

To mingle with the main.

XIII.

A while their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
"St. Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clomb many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,

Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press, Where'er I happ'd to roam."

XIV.

No marvel thus the Monarch spake; For rarely human eye has known A scene so stern as that dread lake, With its dark ledge of barren stone. Seems that primeval earthquake's sway Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way Through the rude bosom of the hill, And that each naked precipice, able ravine, and dark abyse, Tells of the outrage still. he wildest glen, but this, can show me touch of Nature's genial glow; high Benmore green mosses grow, d heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe, And copse on Cruchan-Ben; here, above, around, below, On mountain or in glen, tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower, ught of vegetative power, he weary eye may ken. l is rocks at random thrown, rares, bare crags, and banks of stone,

As if were here denied

The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,

That clothe with many a varied hue

The bleskest mountain-side.

XV.

And wilder, forward, as they wound, Were the proud cliffs and lake profound. Huge terraces of granite black Afforded rude and cumber'd track;

For from the mountain hoar, Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear, When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,

Loose crags had toppled o'er; And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay, So that a stripling arm might sway

A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.

The evening mists, with ceaseless change, Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,

Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or, on the eddying breezes whinl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain-shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear Are precipices sharp and sheer, Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread, How term you its dark waves? and how You northern mountain's pathless brow,

And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,

Which seam its shiver'd head?"—
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His Maidens with their breasts of snow;

Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
(The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
'Tis thus our islemen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

XVII.

Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing mind Might here a graver moral find. These mighty cliffs that heave on high Their native brows to middle sky. Indifferent to the sun or snow. Where nought can fade, and nought can bl May they not mark a Monarch's fate,-Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed, His soul a rock, his heart a waste? O'er hope and love and fear aloft High rears his crowned head-But soft! Look, underneath you jutting crag Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag. Who may they be? But late you said No steps these desert regions tread."-

XVIII.

"So said I-and believed in sooth." Ronald replied. "I spoke the truth. Yet now I spy, by vonder stone. Five men-they mark us and come on: And by their badge on bonnet borne. I guess them of the land of Lorn. Foes to my Liege."-"So let it be: I've faced worse odds than five to three--But the poor page can little aid: Then be our battle thus array'd. If our free passage they contest: Cope thou with two, I'll match the rest.* "Not so, my Liege-for, by my life, This sword shall meet the treble strife: My strength, my skill in arms, more small, And less the loss should Ronald fall. But islemen soon to soldiers grow, Allan has sword as well as bow, And were my Monarch's order given. Two shafts should make our number even."-"No! not to save my life!" he said; "Enough of blood rests on my head. Too rashly spill'd-we soon shall know Whether they come as friend or foe,"

XIX.

Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh; Still less they pleased the Monarch's eve. Men were they all of evil mien. Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen; They moved with half-resolved pace, And bent on earth each gloomy face. The foremost two were fair array'd, With brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid And bore the arms of mountaineers, Daggers and broadswords, bows and spear The three, that lagg'd small space behind, Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind: Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast. Made a rude fence against the blast; Their arms and feet and heads were bare. Matted their beards, unshorn their hair: For arms, the caitiffs bore in hand, A club, an axe, a rasty brand.

XX.

Onward, still mute, they kept the track; "Tell who ye be, or else stand back,"

1

Said Bruce: "In deserts when they meet, Men pass not as in peaceful street." Still at his stern command they stood. And proffer'd greeting brief and rude. But acted courtesy so ill. As seem'd of fear, and not of will. "Wanderers we are, as you may be; Men hither driven by wind and sea. Who, if you list to taste our cheer, Will share with you this fallow deer."-"If from the sea, where lies your bark?"-"Ten fathom deep in ocean dark! Wreck'd vesternight: but we are men Who little sense of peril ken. The shades come down—the day is shut— Will you come with us to our hut?"-"Our vessel waits us in the bay; Thanks for your proffer-have good-day."-"Was that your galley, then, which rode Not far from shore when evening glow'd?"-"It was."-Then spare your needless pain, There will she now be sought in vain. We saw her from the mountain head When with St. George's blazon red A southern vessel bore in sight, And yours raised sail and took to flight."-A.

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XXI.

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!". Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce: "Nor rests there light enough to show If this their tale be true or no. The men seem bred of churlish mind. Yet rugged brows have bosoms kind; We will go with them-food and fire And sheltering roofs our wants require. Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep. And watch by turns our comrades' sleep .--Good fellows, thanks; your guests we'll be, And well will pay the courtesv. Come, lead us where your lodging lies,--Nay soft! we mix not companies .-Show us the path o'er crag and stone, And we will follow you; -lead on."

XXII.

They reach'd the dreary cabin, made
Of sails against a rock display'd,
And there, on entering, found
A slender boy whose form and mien
I'll suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,

Low seated on the ground.

His garb was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marr'd by care,

His eyes in sorrow drown'd.

"Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke
The voice his trance of anguish broke;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,
He raiwald his head with start and scream,

And wildly gazed around;

Then to the wall his face he turn'd,

And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said.

"By chance of war our captive made;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee;
For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
Makes blither melody."

"Hath he then sense of spoken sound
"Aye; so his mother bade us kn
A crone in our late shipwreck drown'
And hence the silly stripling's women of the youth I cannot say,
Our captive but since yesterday;
When wind and weather wax'd so gr
We little listed think of him.—
But why waste time in idle words?
Sit to your cheer—unbelt your sword
Sudden the captive turn'd his head,
And one quick glance to Ronald spec
It was a keen and warning look,
And well the Chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs req
A separate board and separate fire;
For know, that on a pilgrimage
Wend I, my comrade, and this page.
And, sworn to vigil and to fast,
Long as this hallow'd task shall last,
We never doff the plaid or sword,
Or feast us at a stranger's board;
And never share one common sleep,
But one must still his vigil keep.

Thus, for our separate use, good friend. We'll hold this hut's remoter end."-"A churlish vow." the eldest said. "And hard, methinks, to be obey'd. How say you, if to wreak the scorn That pays our kindness harsh return. We should refuse to share our meal?"-"Then say we that our swords are steel! And our yow binds us not to fast. Where gold or force may buy repast." Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell. His teeth are clench'd, his features swell: Yet sunk the felon's moody ire Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire. Nor could his craven courage brook The Monarch's calm and dauntless look. With laugh constrain'd,-" Let every man Follow the fashion of his clan! Each to his separate quarters keep. And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns, By turns they eat, keep guard by turns; For evil seem'd that old man's eye, Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.

Still he avoided forward look. But slow and circumspectly took A circling, never-ceasing glance, By doubt and cunning mark'd at once, Which shot a mischief-boding ray, From under eve-brows shagg'd and gray. The younger, too, who seem'd his son, Had that dark look the timid shun: The half-clad serfs behind them sate. And scowl'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate-Till all, as darkness onward crept, Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or slept Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong. A longer watch of sorrow made, But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.

XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides
The King, but wary watch provides.
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
Then wakes the King, young Allan last;
Thus rank'd, to give the youthful page
The rest required by tender age.

—What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,
To chase the languor toil hath brought?—

(For deem not that he deign'd to throw Much care upon such coward foe.)-He thinks of lovely Isabel. When at her foeman's feet she fell. Nor less when, placed in princely selle, She glanced on him with favouring eyes, At Woodstocke when he won the prize. Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair. In pride of place as 'mid despair. Must she alone engross his care. His thoughts to his betrothed bride. To Edith, turn-O how decide. When here his love and heart are given, And there his faith stands plight to Heaven! No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep, For seldom lovers long for sleep. Till sung his midnight hymn the owl, Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl, Then waked the King-at his request, Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest.

XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's, say, To drive the weary night away? His was the patriot's burning thought, Of Freedom's battle bravely fought, Of castles storm'd, of cities freed,
Of deep design and daring deed,
Of England's roses reft and torn,
And Scotland's cross in triumph worn,
Of rout and rally, war and truce,—
As heroes think, so thought the Bruce.
No marvel, 'mid such musings high,
Sleep shunn'd the monarch's thoughtful eye.
Now over Coolin's eastern head
The greyish light begins to spread,
The otter to his cavern drew,
And clamour'd shrill the wakening mew;
Then watch'd the page—to needful rest
The King resigned his anxious breast.

XXVIII.

To Allan's eyes was harder task,
The weary watch their safeties ask.
He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine
With bickering light the splinter'd pine;
Then gazed awhile, where silent laid
Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.
But little fear waked in his mind,
For he was bred of martial kind,
And, if to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.

Then thought he of his mother's tower, His little sisters' greenwood bower, How there the Easter-gambols pass. And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass. But still before his weary eye In rays prolong'd the blazes die-Again he roused him-on the lake Look'd forth, where now the twilight-flake Or pale cold dawn began to wake. On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furl'd. The morning breeze the lake had curl'd, The short dark waves, heaved to the land, With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand: --It was a slumbrous sound—he turn'd To tales at which his youth had burn'd, Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd, Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost, Of the wild witch's baneful cot, And mermaid's alabaster grot, Who bathes her limbs in sunless well Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell. Thither in fancy rapt he flies, And on his sight the vaults arise; That hut's dark walls he sees no more. His foot is on the marble floor. And o'er his head the dazzling spars Gleam like a firmament of stars !

— Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak. Her anger in that thrilling shriek!—
No! all too late, with Allan's dream.
Mingled the captive's warning scream.
As from the ground he strives to start,
 ruffian's dagger finds his heart!
Upwards he casts his dizzy eyes,
Murmurs his master's name,...and dies!

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand, The nearest weapon of his wrath; With this he cross'd the murderer's path.

And venged young Allan well! The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,

The miscreant gasp'd and fell!
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caitiff died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
In mortal grapple overthrown.
But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The Father-ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand!

—O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
Dash to the earth another foe,
Above his comrade laid!—
And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
On the raised arm, and closely clung,
And, ere he shook him loose,
The master'd felon press'd the ground,
And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

"Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting spark,
Give me to know thy purpose dark,
That arm'd thy hand with murderous knife,
Against offenceless stranger's life?"—

"No stranger thou!" with accent fell,
Murmur'd the wretch; "I know thee well;
And know thee for the foeman sworn
Of my high chief, the mighty Lorn."—

"Speak yet again, and speak the truth
For thy soul's sake!—from whence this youth?
His country, birth, and name declare,
And thus one evil deed repair."—

—"Vex me no more!...my blood runs cold
No mare I know than I have told.

We found him in a bark we sought With different purpose...and I thought" Fate cut him short; in blood and broil, As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

Then resting on his bloody blade,

XXXI.

. The valiant Bruce to Ronald said, "Now shame upon us both !-that boy Lifts his mute face to heaven. And clasps his hands to testify His gratitude to God on high. For strange deliverance given. His speechless gesture thanks hath paid, Which our free tongues have left unsaid!" He raised the youth with kindly word, But mark'd him shudder at the sword: He cleansed it from its hue of death. And plunged the weapon in its sheath. "Alas, poor child! unfitting part Fate doom'd, when with so soft a heart, And form so slight as thine, She made thee first a pirate's slave, Then, in his stead, a patron gave Of wayward lot like mine;

A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife—
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he'll find resting-place for thee.—
Come, noble Bonald! o'er the dead
Enough thy generous grief is paid,
And well has Allan's fate been wroke;
Come, wend we hence—the day has broke.
Seek we our bark—I trust the tale
Was false, that she had hoisted sail."

XXXII.

Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,
The Island Lord bade sad farewell
To Allan:—"Who shall tell this tale,"
He said, "in halls of Donagaile?
Oh, who his widow'd mother tell,
That, ere his bloom, her fairest fell?—
Rest thee, poor youth! and trust my caro
For mass and knell and funeral prayer;
While o'er those caitiffs, where they lie,
The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!"
And now the eastern mountain's head
On the dark lake threw lustre red;
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
Ravine and precipice and peak—



(So earthly power at distance shows; Reveals his splendour, hides his woes.) O'er sheets of granite, dark and broad, Rent and unequal, lay the road. In sad discourse the warriors wind, And the mute captive moves behind.

THE

LORD OF THE ISLES. CANTO FOURTH.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

STEANGER! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced The northern realms of ancient Caledon, Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,

By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad —The loneliness Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye; The strange and awful fears began to press Thy bosom with a stern solemnity. Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's nigh,

Something that show'd of life, though mean;

Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol we been.

Or children whooping wild beneath th green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grands
An awful thrill that softens into sighs
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannos
In dark Glencoe such gloomy rapture
Or farther, where, beneath the northern
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns I
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Cori

TT.

Through such wild scenes the champion When bold halloo, and bugle-blast, Upon the breeze came loud and fast. "There," said the Bruce, "rung Edwar What can have caused such brief return

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

And see, brave Ronald,—see him dart O'er stock and stone like hunted hart, Precipitate, as is the use, In war or sport, of Edward Bruce. -He marks us, and his eager cry Will tell his news ere he be nigh."

Ш.

Loud Edward shouts, "What make ye here, Warring upon the mountain-deer, When Scotland wants her King? A bark from Lennox cross'd our track, With her in speed I hurried back, These joyful news to bring-The Stewart stirs in Teviotdale, And Douglas wakes his native vale! Thy storm-toss'd fleet hath won its way With little loss to Brodick-Bay, And Lennox, with a gallant band, Waite but thy coming and command To wast them o'er to Carrick strand. These are blithe news!—but mark the close! idward, the deadliest of our foes, swith his host he northward pass'd, ath on the Borders breathed his last."

IV.

Still stood the Bruce—his steady cheek Was little wont his joy to speak,

But then his colour rose:

"Now, Scotland! shortly shalt thou see, With God's high will, thy children free,

And vengeance on thy foes!

Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs, Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs

My joy o'er Edward's bier;

I took my knighthood at his hand, And lordship held of him, and land,

And well may vouch it here, That, blot the story from his page, Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,

You read a monarch brave and sage,

And to his people dear."—
"Let London's burghers mourn her Lord,
And Croydon monks his praise record,"

The eager Edward said;

"Eternal as his own, my hate Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate.

And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clench'd his palsied han
That pointed yet to Scotland's land,

At his last accents pray'd Disgrace and curse upon his heir, If he one Scottish head should spare, Till stretched upon the bloody lair

Each robel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his, when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of death,
And bade his bones to Scotland's coast
Be borne by his remorseless host,
As if his dead and stony eye
Could still enjoy her misery!
Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long;
Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!"

V.

"Let women, Edward, war with words,
With curses monks, but men with swords:
Nor doubt of living foes, to sate
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.
Now, to the sea! behold the beach,
And see the galleys' pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favouring gale!
Aboard, aboard! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed;
Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the bold in battle fray.

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I long the hardy band to head, And see once more my standard spread. Does noble Ronald share our course, Or stay to raise his island force?"— "Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side," Replied the Chief, "will Ronald bide. And since two galleys yonder ride, Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd To wake to arms the clans of Uist, And all who hear the Minche's roar, On the Long Island's lonely shore. The nearer Isles, with slight delay, Ourselves may summon in our way; And soon on Arran's shore shall meet, With Torquil's aid, a gallant fleet, If aught avails their Chieftain's hest Among the islesmen of the west."

VI.

Thus was their venturous council said;
But, ere their sails their galleys spread,
Coriskin dark and Coolin high
Echoed the dirge's doleful cry.
Along that sable lake pass'd slow,—
Fit scene for such a sight of woe,—
The sorrowing islesmen, as they bore

At every pause, with dismal shout,
Their coronach of grief rung out,
And ever, when they moved again,
The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,
And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,
Mourn'd the young heir of Donagaile.
Round and around, from cliff and cave,
His answer stern old Coolin gave.
Till high upon his misty side
Languish'd the mournful notes, and died.
For never sounds, by mortal made,
Attain'd his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan,
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

VII.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvass strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.

Not down the breeze more blithely flew, Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew, Than the gay galley bore Her course upon that favouring wind, And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,

And Slapin's cavern'd shore.
"Twas then that warlike signals wake
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eisord's lake
And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's head,
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spre
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave class of Sleat and Strath,

And, ready at the sight,

Each warrior to his weapon sprung,

And targe upon his shoulder flung,

Impatient for the fight.

Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to Brodick-Bay.

VIII.

Signal of Ronald's high command,
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land,
From Canna's tower, that, steep and gray
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.
Seek not the giddy crag to climb,
To view the turret scathed by time;

It is a task of doubt and fear To aught but goat or mountain-deer. But rest thee on the silver beach. And let the aged herdsman teach His tale of former day: His cur's wild clamour he shall chide. And for thy seat by ocean's side, His varied plaid display: Then tell, how with their Chieftain came, In ancient times, a foreign dame To yonder turret gray. Stern was her Lord's suspicious mind, Who in so rude a jail confined So soft and fair a thrall! And oft when moon on ocean slept, That lovely lady sate and wept Upon the castle-wall, And turn'd her eye to southern climes. And thought perchance of happier times. And touch'd her lute by fits, and sung Wild ditties in her native tongue. And still, when on the cliff and bay Placid and pale the moonbeams play, And every breeze is mute, Upon the lone Hebridean's ear Steals a strange pleasure mix'd with fear. While from that cliff he seems to hear

The murmur of a lute.

And sounds, as of a captive lone,
That mourns her woes in tongue unknown.—
Strange is the tale—but all too long
Already hath it staid the song—
Yet who may pass them by,
That crag and tower in ruins gray,
Nor to their hapless tenant pay
The tribute of a sigh?

IX.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark O'er the broad ocean driven. Her path by Ronin's mountains dark The steersman's hand hath given. And Ronin's mountains dark have sent Their hunters to the shore. And each his ashen bow unbent. And gave his pastime o'er, And at the Island Lord's command, For hunting spear took warrior's brand. On Scooreigg next a warning light Summon'd her warriors to the fight: A numerous race, ere stern Macleod O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode, When all in vain the ocean-cave Its refuge to his victims gave.

The Chief, relentless in his wrath,
With blazing heath blockades the path;
In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapour fill'd the cavern'd hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
I'll in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,

Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay

That guard famed Staffa round. Then all unknown its columns rose, Where dark and undisturbed repose

The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect.

Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise A Minster to her Maker's praise! Not for a meaner use ascend Her columns, or her arches bend: Nor of a theme less solemn tells That mighty surge, that ebbs and swells. And still, between each awful pause, From the high vault an answer draws. In varied tone prolong'd and high. That mocks the organ's melody. Nor doth its entrance front in vain To old Iona's holy fane. That Nature's voice might seem to say, "Well hast thou done, frail child of clay! Thy humble powers that stately shrine Task'd high and hard-but witness mine!"

XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,

Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,
And the Chief of the sandy Coll;
They pause not at Columba's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile

With long and measured toll: No time for matin or for mass. And the sounds of the holy summons pass Away in the billows' roll. Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword. And verdant Ilay call'd her host, And the clans of Jura's rugged coast Lord Ronald's call obev. And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore Still rings to Corrievreken's roar. And lonely Colonsay; -Scenes sung by him who sings no more! His bright and brief career is o'er. And mute his tuneful strains: Quench'd in his lamp of varied lore, That loved the light of song to pour; A distant and a deadly shore Has LEYDEN'S cold remains!

XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily, But the galley ploughs no more the sea. Lest, rounding wild Cantire, they meet The southern foeman's watchful fleet,

They held unwonted way :-Up Tarbat's western lake they bore, Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er. As far as Kilmaconnel's shore. Upon the eastern bay. It was a wondrous sight to see Topmast and pennon glitter free High raised above the greenwood tree. As on dry land the galley moves. By cliff and copse and alder groves. Deep import from that selcouth sign. Did many a mountain Seer divine. For ancient legends told the Gael, That when a royal bark should sail O'er Kilmaconnel moss, Old Albyn should in fight prevail, And every foe should faint and quail

Before her silver Cross.

XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland sca
They furrow with fair augury,
Now steer for Arran's isle:
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Cave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ransa smile.

Thither their destined course they drew; It seem'd the Isle her monarch knew, So brilliant was the landward view, The ocean so serene; Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold With azure strove and green. The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower, Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour, The beach was silver sheen, The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh, And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die, With breathless pause between. O who, with speech of war and woes, Would wish to break the soft repose Of such enchanting scene?

XIV.

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks? The blush that dies his manly cheeks, The timid look, and downcast eye, And faltering voice, the theme deny. And good King Robert's brow express'd, He pondered o'er some high request, As doubtful to approve; Yet in his eye and lip the while,

Dwelt the half-pitying glance and smile, Which manhood's graver mood beguile,

When lovers talk of love.

Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled;

_"And for my bride betrothed," he said,

"My Liege has heard the rumour spread

Of Edith from Artornish fled.

Too hard her fate —I claim no right To blame her for her hasty flight;

Be joy and happiness her lot!-

But she hath fied the bridal-knot,

And Lorn recall'd his promised plight,

In the assembled chieftains' sight. When, to fulfil our fathers' band,

I proffer'd all I could—my hand—

I was repulsed with scorn;

Mine honour I should ill assert, And worse the feelings of my heart,

If I should play a suitor's part Again, to pleasure Lorn."

XV.

"Young Lord," the Royal Bruce replied, "That question must the Church decide; Yet seems it hard, since rumours state Edith takes Clifford for her mate,

The very tie, which she hath broke. To thee should still be binding voke. But, for my sister Isabel-The mood of woman who can tell? I guess the Champion of the Rock. Victorious in the tourney shock, That knight unknown, to whom the prize She dealt,-hath favour in her eyes: But since our brother Nigel's fate. Our ruin'd house and hopeless state From worldly joy and hope estranged, Much is the hapless mourner changed. Perchance," here smiled the noble King. "This tale may other musings bring. Soon shall we know-you mountains hide The little convent of Saint Bride: There, sent by Edward, she must stay, Till fate shall give more prosperous day: And thither will I bear thy suit, Nor will thine advocate be mute."

XVI.

As thus they talk'd in earnest mood, That speechless boy before them stood. He stoop'd his head against the mast, And bitter sobs came thick and fast, A grief that could not be repress'd, But seem'd to burst his youthful breast. His hands, against his forehead held, As if by force his tears repell'd. But through his fingers, long and slight, Fast trill'd the drops of crystal bright. Edward, who walk'd the deck apart. First spied this conflict of the heart. Thoughtless as brave, with bluntness kind He sought to cheer the sorrower's mind; By force the slender hand he drew From those poor eyes that stream'd with dew. As in his hold the stripling strove,-('Twas a rough grasp, though meant in love.) Away his tears the warrior swept. And bade shame on him that he wept. "I would to heaven thy helpless tongue Could tell me who hath wrought thee wrong! For, were he of our crew the best, The insult went not unredress'd. Come, cheer thee: thou art now of age To be a warrior's gallant page; Thou shalt be mine !- a palfrey fair O'er hill and holt my boy shall bear. To hold my bow in hunting grove, Or speed on errand to my love: For well I wot thou wilt not tell The temple where my wishes dwell."-

XVII.

Bruce interposed,—"Gay, Edward, no. This is no youth to hold thy bow. To fill the goblet, or to bear Thy message light to lighter fair. Thou art a patron all too wild And thoughtless, for this orphan child. See'st thou not how apart he steals, Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals? Fitter by far in yon calm cell To tend our sister Isabel. With Father Augustin to share The peaceful change of convent prayer, Than wander wild adventures through, With such a reckless guide as you."-"Thanks, brother!" Edward answer'd gay. "For the high laud thy words convey! But we may learn some future day, If thou or I can this poor boy Protect the best, or best employ. Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand; Launch we the boat, and seek the laud."

XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung. And thrice aloud his bugle rung With note prolong'd and varied strain. Till bold Ben-ghoil replied again. Good Douglas then, and De la Have, Had in a glen a hart at bay, And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds. When waked that horn the greenwood bounds. "It is the foe!" cried Boyd, who came In breathless haste with eve on flame: "It is the foe !- Each valiant lord Fling by his bow, and grasp his sword!"-"Not so." replied the good Lord James: "That blast no English bugle claims. Oft have I heard it fire the fight, Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight: Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear. If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear! Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring; That blast was winded by the King!"

XIX.

Fast to their mates the tiding spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.

Bursting from glen and greenwood tree. High waked their loyal jubilee! Around the royal Bruce they crowd, And clasp'd his hands, and went aloud, Veterans of early fields were there. Whose helmets press'd their hoary hair. Whose awords and axes hore a stain From the life-blood of the red-hair'd Dane: And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd to wield The heavy sword or bossy shield. Men too were there, that bore the scars Impress'd in Albyn's woeful wars. At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight, Tevndrum's dread rout and Methyen's flight: The might of Douglas there was seen. There Lennox with his graceful mien; Kirkpatrick. Closeburn's dreaded Knight: The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light: The heir of murder'd De la Have. And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay. Around their King regain'd they press'd, Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast, And young and old, and serf and lord, And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword. And he in many a peril tried. . Alike resolved the brunt to bide, And live or die by Bruce's side!

XX.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight, Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright! Such gleams, as from thy polished shield Fly dazzling o'er the battle field! Such transports wake, severe and high, Amid the pealing conquest-cry: Scarce less, when, after battle lost, Muster the remnants of a host, And as each comrade's name they tell. Who in the well-fought conflict fell. Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eve. Vow to avenge them or to die!-Warriors!-and where are warriors found, If not on martial Britain's ground? And who, when waked with note of fire. Love more than they the British lyre?-Know ve not,-hearts to honour dear! That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe, At which the heartstrings vibrate high, And wake the fountains of the eye? And blame ve. then, the Bruce, if trace Of tear is on his manly face. When scanty relics of the train That hail'd at Scone his early reign.

This patriot band around him hung,
And to his knees and bosom clung?—
Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while ashamed;
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

XXI.

Tis morning, and the Convent bell Long time had ceased its matin knell, Within thy walls. Saint Bride!

An aged sister sought the cell
Assigned to Lady Isabel,

And hurriedly she cried,
"Haste, gentle Lady, haste—there waits
A noble stranger at the gates;
Saint Bride's poor vot'ress ne'er has seen
A Knight of such a princely mien;
His errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel."
The princess rose—for on her knee
Low bent she told her rosary—
"Let him by thee his purpose teach;
I may not give a stranger speech."—
"Saint Bride forefend, thou royal Maid!"
The portress cross'd herself, and said;—

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"Not to be prioress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny."—
"Has earthly show then, simple fool,
Power o'er a sister of thy rule?
And art thou, like the worldly train,
Subdued by splendours light and vain?"—

XXII.

"No. Lady! in old eyes like mine, Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine; Nor grace his rank attendants vain, One youthful page is all his train. It is the form, the eye, the word, The bearing of that stranger Lord. His stature, manly, bold, and tall. Built like a castle's battled wall. Yet moulded in such just degrees, His giant-strength seems lightsome case. Close as the tendrils of the vine His locks upon his forehead twine, Jet-black, save where some touch of gray Has ta'en the youthful hue away : Weather and war their rougher trace Have left on that majestic face ;-But 'tis his dignity of eye! There, if a suppliant, would I fly,

Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief—
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead!"—
"Enough, enough," the princess cried,
"'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!
To meaner front was ne'er assign'd
Such mastery o'er the common mind—
Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delay'd!—
Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce
My darling brother, royal Bruce!"

XXIII.

They met like friends who part in pain, And meet in doubtful hope again. But when subdued that fitful swell, The Bruce survey'd the humble cell;—
"And this is thine, poor Isabel!—
That pallet-couch, and naked wall, For room of state, and bed of pall; For costly robes and jewels rare, A string of beads and zone of hair; And for the trumpet's sprightly call To sport or banquet, grove or hall, The bell's grim voice divides thy care, 'Twixt hours of penitence and prayer!

122 THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

O ill for thee, my royal claim From the First David's sainted name! O wee for thee, that while he sought His right, thy brother feebly fought!"—

XXIV.

" Now lay these vain regrets aside, And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried. "For more I glory to have shared The woes thy venturous spirit dared, When raising first thy valiant band In rescue of thy native land, Than had fair Fortune set me down The partner of an empire's crown. And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream No more I drive in giddy dream, For Heaven the erring pilot knew, And from the gulf the vessel drew, Tried me with judgments stern and great, My house's ruin, thy defeat, Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own My hopes are fixed on Heaven alone; Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win My heart to this vain world of sin."-

XXV.

Isabel, for such stern choice, rilt thou wait thy brother's voice: onder if in convent scene ter thoughts might interveneev were of that unknown Knight, in Woodstock's tourney-fightf'his name such blush vou owe. ions o'er a fairer foe!" his penetrating eve caught that blush's passing dye,he last beam of evening thrown white cloud.-just seen and gone. with calm cheek and steady eye, incess made composed reply :-ess my brother's meaning well: ot so silent is the cell. e have heard the islesmen all n thy cause at Ronald's call: nine eve proves that Knight unknown he brave Island Lord are one .hen his suit been earlier made, own name, with thee to aid, that, his plighted faith forbade,) w not But thy page so near?is no tale for menial's ear."

XXVI.

Still stood the page, as far apart As the small cell would space afford: With dizzy eve and bursting heart. He leant his weight on Bruce's sword, The monarch's mantle too he bore. And drew the fold his visage o'er. "Fear not for him-in murderous strife." Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life; Full seldom parts he from my side, And in his silence I confide. Since he can tell no tale again. He is a boy of gentle strain, And I have purposed he shall dwell In Augustin the chaplain's cell, And wait on thee, my Isabel .--Mind not his tears; I've seen them flow. As in the thaw dissolves the snow. 'Tis a kind youth but fanciful, Unfit against the tide to pull. And those that with the Bruce would sail, Must learn to strive with stream and gale But forward, gentle Isabel-My answer for Lord Ronald tell."

XXVII.

"This answer be to Ronald given-The heart he saks is fix'd on heaven. My love is like a summer flower. That wither'd in the wintry hour. Born but of vanity and pride. And with these sunny visions died. If further press his suit—then sav. He should his plighted troth obey, Troth plighted both with ring and word, And sworn on crucifix and sword.-Oh shame thee, Robert! I have seen Thou hast a woman's guardian been! Even in extremity's dread hour, When press'd on thee the Southern power. And safety, to all human sight, Was only found in rapid flight. Thou heard'st a wretched female plain In agony of travail-pain, And thou didst bid thy little band Upon the instant turn and stand. And dare the worst the foe might do. Rather than, like a knight untrue, Leave to pursuers merciless A woman in her last distress.-

And wilt thou now deny thine aid
To an oppressed and injured maid?
Even plead for Ronald's perfidy,
And press his fickle faith on me?—
So witness Heaven, as true I vow,
Had I those earthly feelings now,
Which could my former bosom move
Ere taught to set its hopes above,
I'd spurn each proffer he could bring,
Till at my feet he laid the ring,
The ring and spousal contract both,
Tue fair acquittal of his oath,
By her who brooks his perjured scorn,
The ill-requited Maid of Lorn!"

XXVIII.

With sudden impulse forward sprung
The page, and on her neck he hung;
Then, recollected instantly,
His head he stoop'd, and bent his knee,
Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel,
Arose, and sudden left the cell.—
The princess, loosen'd from his hold,
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;
But good King Robert cried.

"Chafe not—by signs he speaks his mind.

He heard the plan my care design'd.

Nor could his transport hide.-But, sister, now bethink thee well: No easy choice the convent cell: Trust, I shall play no tyrant part, Either to force thy hand or heart. Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn. Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lorn. But think .- not long the time has been. That thou wert wont to sigh unscen, And wouldst the ditties best approve. That told some lay of hapless love. Now are thy wishes in thy power, And thou art bent on cloister bower! O! if our Edward knew the change. How would his busy satire range, With many a sarcasm varied still On woman's wish, and woman's will!"-

XXIX.

"Brother, I well believe," she said,
"Even so would Edward's part be play'd.
Kindly in heart, in word severe,
A foe to thought, and grief, and fear,
He holds his humour uncontroll'd;
But thou art of another mould.

Say then to Ronald, as I say,
Unless before my feet he lay
The ring which bound the faith he swore
By Edith freely yielded o'er,
He moves his suit to me no more.
Nor do I promise, even if now
He stood absolved of spousal vow,
That I would change my purpose made,
To shelter me in holy shade.—
Brother, for little space, farewell!
To other duties warns the bell."—

XXX.

"Lost to the world," King Robert said,
When he had left the royal maid,
"Lost to the world by lot severe,
O what a gem lies buried here,
Nipp'd by misfortune's cruel frost,
The buds of fair affection lost!—
But what have I with love to do?
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.
—Pent in this isle we may not lie,
Nor would it long our wants supply.
Right opposite, the mainland towers
Of my own Turnberry court our powers—Might not my father's beadsman hoar,
Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,

Kindle a signal-flame, to show The time propitious for the blow? It shall be so-some friend shall bear Our mandate with despatch and care: -Edward shall find this messenger. That fortress ours, the island fleet May on the coast of Carrick meet. O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line. To raise my victor-head, and see Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free? -That glance of bliss is all I crave. Betwixt my labours and my grave!" Then down the hill he slowly went. Oft pausing on the steep descent, And reach'd the spot where his bold train Held rustic camp upon the plain.

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LORD OF THE ISLES.



THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIFTH.

L

Os fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day;
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curl'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—
For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care and
coil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid,

Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell;

Sung were t: matins, and the mass was said,

And every sis. - sought her separate cell,

Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.

And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer;

The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell

Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,

As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there

TT.

She raised her eyes, that duty done, When glanced upon the pavement-stone, Gemm'd and enchased, a golden ring, Bound to a scroll with silken string. With few brief words inscribed to tell. "This for the Lady Isabel." Within, the writing farther bore,-"Twas with this ring his plight he swore, With this his promise I restore: To her who can the heart command, Well may I yield the plighted hand. And O! for better fortune born, Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn Her who was Edith once of Lorn! · One single flash of glad surprise Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes, But vanish'd in the blush of shame. That, as its penance, instant came. "O thought unworthy of my race! Sclfish, ungenerous, mean end base,

A moment's throb of joy to own,
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown!—
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,
Of man ingrate and maid deceived,
Think not thy lustre here shall gain
Another heart to hope in vain!
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud,
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,
And worldly splendours sink debased."—
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

TIT.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far, How came it here through bolt and bar? But the dim lattice is ajar.— She looks abroad—the morning dew A light short step had brush'd anew,

And there were foot-prints seen On the carved buttress rising still, Till on the mossy window-sill

Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid.—
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs infer?—
"Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw nigh;
—'Nought'scapes old Mona's curious eye—

What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls to-day?"
"None, Lady, none of note or name;
Only your brother's foot-page came,
At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass
To chapel where they said the mass;
But like an arrow he shot by,
And tears seem'd bursting from his eye."

TV.

The truth at once on Isabel. As darted by a sunbeam, fell.-"'Tis Edith's self!-her speechless woe. Her form, her looks, the secret show! -Instant, good Mona, to the bay, And to my royal brother say, I do conjure him seek my cell, With that mute page he loves so well."-"What! know'st thou not his warlike he At break of day has left our coast? My old eyes saw them from the tower. At eve they couch'd in greenwood bower. At dawn a bugle-signal, made By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd; Up sprung the spears through bush and No time for benedicite!

Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests aloft,
Such matins theirs!"—" Good mother, soft—
Where does my brother bend his way?"—
"As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to waft them o'er,
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore."—
"If such their purpose, deep the need,"
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!
Call Father Augustine, good dame."
The nun obey'd, the Father came.

٧.

"Kind Father, hie without delay,
Across the hills to Brodick-Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given;
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That, till he speak with me, he stay;
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver, on my suit,
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel,
For causes more than she may tell.—
Away, good father!—and take heed,
That life and death are on thy speed."

1C3 THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

His cowl the good old priest did on, Took his piked staff and sandall'd shoon, And like a palmer bent by eld, O'er moss and moor his journey held.

VI.

Heavy and dull the foot of age, And rugged was the pilgrimage: But none was there beside, whose care Might such important message bear. Through birchen copse he wander'd slow. Stunted and sapless, thin and low: By many a mountain stream he pass'd, From the tall cliffs in tumult cast, Dashing to foam their waters dun, And sparkling in the summer sun. Round his gray head the wild curlew In many a fearless circle flew. O'er chasms he pass'd, where fractures wide Crav'd wary eye and ample stride; He cross'd his brow beside the stone Where Druids erst heard victims groan. And at the cairns upon the wild, O'er many a heathen hero piled, He breathed a timid prayer for those Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.

Beside Macfarlane's Cross he staid,
There told his hours within the shade,
And at the stream his thirst allay'd.
Thence onward journeying slowly still,
As evening closed he reach'd the hill,
Where, rising through the woodland green,
Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen.
From Hastings, late their English Lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword.
The sun that sunk beneath the isle,
Now tinged them with a parting smile,

VII.

But though the beams of light decay,
Twas bustle all in Brodick-Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd the shore,
And boats and barges some unmoor,
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar;
Their eyes oft turn'd where glimmer'd far
What might have seem'd an early star
On heaven's blue arch, save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.
Far distant in the south, the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,
But as, on Carrick shore,

Dim seen in outline faintly blue, The shades of evening closer drew. It kindled more and more. The Monk's slow steps now press the sa And now amid a scene he stands. Full strange to churchman's eye; Warriors, who, arming for the fight, . Rivet and clasp their harness tight. And twinkling spears, and axes bright, And helmets flashing high. Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears, A language much unmeet he hears, While, hastening all on board, As stormy as the swelling surge That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge Their followers to the ocean verge.

VIII.

With many a haughty word.

Through that wild throng the Father p
And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.
He leant against a stranded boat,
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave,
As higher yet her sides they lave,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his hauberk tied,

And loosen'd in its sheath his brand. Edward and Lennox were at hand. Douglas and Ronald had the care The soldiers to the barks to share.— The Monk approach'd and homage paid; "And art thou come," King Robert said, "So far, to bless us ere we part?" —"My liege, and with a loyal heart!— But other charge I have to tell,"-And spoke the hest of Isabel. -"Now by St. Giles," the monarch cried, "This moves me much!—this morning tide, I sent the stripling to Saint Bride, With my commandment there to bide." -"Thither he came the portress show'd, But there, my Liege, made brief abode."_

IX.

"Twas I," said Edward, "found employ f nobler import for the boy. eep pondering in my anxious mind, fitting messenger to find, bear thy written mandate o'er Cuthbert on the Carrick shore, lanced, at early dawn, to pass chapel gate to snatch a mass.

I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-seated, weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise.
He bounded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And well my charge he hath obey'd;
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall,—

X.

"O wild of thought, and hard of heart!"
Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part
Of such deep danger to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy!
Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life!
Now were my right restored by Heaven,
Edward, my crown I would have given,
Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,
I peril'd thus the helpless child."—
—Offended half, and half submiss,
"Brother and Liege, of blame like this,"
Edward replied, "I little dream'd.

Might safest seek the beadsman's cell. Where all thy squires are known so well. Noteless his presence, sharp his sense. His imperfection his defence. If seen, none can his errand guess: If ta'en, his words no tale express-Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine Might expiate greater fault than mine."-"Rash," said King Robert, "was the deed-But it is done.—Embark with speed!— Good Father, say to Isabel How this unhappy chance befell; If well we thrive on vonder shore. Soon shall my care her page restore. Our greeting to our sister bear, And think of us in mass and praver."-

XI.

"Aye!"—said the Priest, "while this poor hand Can chalice raise or cross command, While my old voice has accents' use, Can Augustine forget the Bruce?" Then to his side Lord Ronald press'd, And whisper'd, "Bear thou this request, That when by Bruce's side I fight, For Scotland's crown and freedom's right,

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The princess grant her knight to bear Some token of her favouring care; It shall be shown where England's best May shrink to see it on my crest. And for the boy—since weightier care For royal Bruce the times prepare, The helpless youth is Ronald's charge, His couch my plaid, his fence my targe, He ceased; for many an eager hand Had urged the barges from the strand. Their number was a score and ten, They bore thrice threescore chosen men. With such small force did Bruce at last The dye for death or empire cast!

XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat,
Ready and mann'd rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as off they bore,
Their armour glanced against the shore,
And, mingled with the dashing tide,
Their murmuring voices distant died.—
"God speed them!" said the Priest, as dark
On distant billows glides each bark;

"O Heaven! when swords for freedom shine,
And monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That victory is from God alone!"
As up the hill his path he drew,
He turn'd his blessings to renew,
Oft turn'd till on the darken'd coast
All traces of their course were lost;
Then slowly bent to Brodick tower,
To shelter for the evening hour.

XIII.

In night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute, no more descried,
Are gone—and on the placid sea
The rowers ply their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore,
Impatient aid the labouring oar.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten'd sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
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And oft, for such the King's command. That all at once might reach the strand. From boat to boat loud shout and bail Warn'd them to crowd and slacken sail. South and by west the armada bore, And near at length the Carrick shore. As less and less the distance grows. High and more high the beacon rose; The light, that seem'd a twinkling star, Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far. Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd. Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd. Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim. In blood-red lights her islets swim; Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave, Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave. The deer to distant covert drew. The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew. Like some tall castle given to flame, O'er half the land the lustre came. " Now, good my Liege, and brother sage. What think ve of my elfin page?"-"Row on!" the noble King replied, "We'll learn the truth whate'er betide; Vet sure the beadsman and the child Could ne'er have waked that beacon wild."-

XIV.

With that the boats approach'd the land, But Edward's grounded on the sand : The eager knight leap'd in the sea Waist-deep, and first on shore was he. Though every barge's hardy band Contended which should gain the land, When that strange light, which, seen afar, Seem'd steady as the polar star. Now, like a prophet's fiery chair. Seem'd travelling the realms of air. Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows. As that portentous meteor rose; Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd bright, And in the red and dusky light His comrade's face each warrior saw. Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe : Then high in air the beams were lost, And darkness sunk upon the coast .--Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd, And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast. "Saint James protect us!" Lennox cried. But reckless Edward spoke aside, "Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame Red Comyn's angry spirit came?

Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure;"—
"Hush!" said the Bruce; "we soon shall know,
If this be sorcerer's empty show,
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

XV.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply That ruddy light's unnatural dye; The dubious cold reflection lav On the wet sands and quiet bay. Beneath the rocks King Robert drew His scatter'd files to order due, Till shield compact and serried spear In the cool light shone blue and clear. Then down a path that sought the tide, That speechless page was seen to glide: He knelt him lowly on the sand, And gave a scroll to Robert's hand. "A torch," the Monarch cried, "What, ho! Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know." But evil news the letters bare. The Clifford's force was strong and ware, Augmented, too, that very morn By mountaineers who came with Lorn.

Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—
Cuthbert had seen the beacon-flame,
Unwitting from what source it came.
Doubtful of perilous event,
Edward's mute messenger he sent,
If Bruce deceived should venture o'er,
To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVL.

As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read these chilling news aloud.

"What council, nobles, have we now?—
To ambush us in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprise to end?
Or shall we turn us to the main
As exiles, and embark again?"—
Answer'd flerce Edward, "Hap what may,
In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor made us quail."
Answer'd the Douglas, "If my liege
May win yon walls by storm or siege,

Then were each brave and patriot heart Kindled anew for royal part."-Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for share Would I that aged Torquil came. And found, for all our empty boast, Without a blow we fled the coast. I will not credit that this land. So famed for warlike heart and hand. The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce. Will long with tyrants hold a truce."-"Prove we our fate-the brunt we'll be So Boyd and Have and Lennox cried: So said, so vow'd, the leaders all; So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall Since the bold Southerns make their he The hour of payment soon shall come, When with a rough and rugged host Clifford may reckon to his cost. Meantime, through well-known book a I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.

Now ask you whence that wondrous lig Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight? It ne'er was known—yet grey-hair'd e. A superstitious credence held. That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams the light.
Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave, and crimson'd shore—
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Startling the traveller late and lone,
I know not—and it ne'er was known.

XVIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew,
And Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the stripling's stay,
To aid him on the rugged way.
"Now cheer thee, simple Amadine!
Why throbs that silly heart of thine?"—
—That name the pirates to their slave
(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave—
"Dost thou not rest thee on my arm?
Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm?

Hath not the wild bull's treble hide This targe for thee and me supplied? Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel? And, trembler, canst thou terror feel? Cheer thee, and still that throbbing hear From Ronald's guard thou shalt not par -O! many a shaft, at random sent, Finds mark the archer little meant! And many a word at random spoken. May soothe or wound a heart that's bro Half sooth'd, half grieved, half terrified, Close drew the page to Ronald's side: A wild delirious thrill of joy Was in that hour of agony. As up the steepy pass he strove, Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love!

' XIX.

The barrier of that iron shore,
The rock's steep ledge is now climb'd o'd
And from the castle's distant wall,
From tower to tower the warders call:
The sound swings over land and sea,
And marks a watchful enemy.—
They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's sylvan reign,

(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough, The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it now.) But then, soft swept in velvet green The plain with many a glade between. Whose tangled alleys far invade The depth of the brown forest shade. Here the tall fern obscured the lawn. Fair shelter for the sportive fawn: There tufted close with copsewood green. Was many a swelling hillock seen: And all around was verdure meet For pressure of the fairies' feet. The glossy holly loved the park. The yew-tree lent its shadow dark, And many an old oak, worn and bare. With all its shiver'd boughs, was there, Lovely between the moonbeams fell On lawn and hillock, glade and dell. The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see These glades so loved in childhood free, Bethinking that, as outlaw now, He ranged beneath the forest bough.

XX.

Fast o'er the moonlight Chase they sped.
Well knew the band that measured tread.

When, in retreat or in advance, The serried warriors move at once: And evil were the luck, if dawn Descried them on the open lawn. Copses they traverse, brooks they cross Strain up the bank and o'er the moss. From the exhausted page's brow Cold drops of toil are streaming now; With effort faint and lengthen'd pause His weary step the stripling draws. "Nav. droop not yet!" the warrior sa "Come, let me give thee ease and aid Strong are mine arms, and little care A weight so slight as thine to bear. What! wilt thou not-capricious boy Then thine own limbs and strength er Pass but this night, and pass thy care I'll place thee with a lady fair, Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tel How Ronald loves fair Isabel!" Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd Here Amadine let go the plaid; His trembling limbs their aid refuse, He sunk among the midnight dews!



XXI.

What may be done?—the night is gone-The Bruce's band moves swiftly on-Eternal shame, if at the brunt Lord Ronald grace not battle's front !--"See yonder oak, within whose trunk Decay a darken'd cell hath sunk : Enter and rest thee there a space, Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face. I will not be, believe me, far, But must not quit the ranks of war. Well will I mark the bosky bourne. And soon, to guard thee hence, return .--Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy ! But sleep in peace, and wake in joy." In sylvan lodging close bestow'd, He placed the page, and onward strode With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook, And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept
The page, till, wearied out, he slept—
A rough voice waked his dream—" Nay, here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—

Beneath that oak old Ryno staid-What have we here?-a Scottish plaid, And in its folds a stripling laid?-Come forth! thy name and business tell What, silent?—then I guess thee well, The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell. Wafted from Arran yester morn-Come, comrades, we will straight return Our Lord may choose the rack should te To this young lurcher use of speech. Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast,"-"Nav. but he weeps and stands aghast: Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not: 'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot." The hunters to the castle sped, And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the Castle-court
Prepared him for the morning sport;
And now with Lorn held deep discourse
Now gave command for hound and hors
War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the grou
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.
To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word
Replying to that Southern Lord,

Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem The phantasm of a fever'd dream. The tone upon his ringing ears Came like the sounds which fancy hears, When in rude waves or roaring winds Some words of woe the muser finds, Until more loudly and more near, Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost? The priest shall rue it to his cost! What says the monk?"--". The holy Sire Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire. She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown To all except to him alone. But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn Laid them aboard that very morn. And pirates seized her for their prey. He proffer'd ransom-gold to pay. And they agreed-but ere told o'er, The winds blew loud, the billows roar: They sever'd and they met no more. He deems-such tempest vex'd the coast-Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost. -So let it be, with the disgrace And scandal of her lofty race!

Thrice better had she ne'er been born, Than brought her infamy on Lorn!"

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied :-"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?" he "A spy we seized within the Chase. A hollow oak his lurking place." "What tidings can the youth afford?" "He plays the mute."-" Then noose a Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom For his plaid's sake,"-" Clan-Colla's lo Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace Rather the vesture than the face. "Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twine Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine. Give him, if my advice you crave, His own scathed oak: and let him way In air, unless, by terror wrung, A frank confession find his tongue.-Nor shall he die without his right; -Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight, And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath, As they convey him to his death."-"O brother! cruel to the last!" Through the poor captive's bosom pass'

The thought, but, to his purpose true, He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adieu!"

XXVI.

And will he keep his purpose still. In sight of that last closing ill. When one poor breath, one single word. May freedom, safety, life, afford? Can be resist the instinctive call. For life, that bids us barter all?-Love, strong as death, his heart hath steel'd. His nerves hath strung-he will not yield! Since that poor breath, that little word, May vield Lord Ronald to the sword .-Clan Colla's dirge is pealing wide, The griesly headsman's by his side: Along the greenwood Chase they bend. And now their march has ghastly end, That old and shatter'd oak beneath, They destine for the place of death. -What thoughts are his, while all in vain His eye for aid explores the plain? What thoughts, while with a dizzy ear. He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near? And must be die such death accurat. Or will that bosom-secret burst P

Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew, His trembling lips are livid blue; The agony of parting life Has nought to match that moment's s

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh. Who mock at fear, and death defy! Soon as the dire lament was play'd. It waked the lurking ambuscade, The Island Lord look'd forth, and spice The cause, and loud in fury cried, "By Heaven they lead the page to die And mock me in his agony! They shall abye it!"-On his arm Bruce laid strong grasp, " They shall : A ringlet of the stripling's hair! But, till I give the word, forbear. -Douglas, lead fifty of our force Up yonder hollow water-course. And couch thee midway on the wold. Between the flyers and their Hold; A spear above the copse display'd, Be signal of the ambush made. . -Edward, with forty spearmen, straig Through yonder copse approach the g

And, when thou hear'st the battle-din, Rush forward, and the passage win, Secure the drawbridge—storm the port, And man and guard the castle-court.—The rest move slowly forth with me, In shelter of the forest-tree, Till Douglas at his post I see."—

XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on, Compell'd to wait the signal blown. Hid, and scarce hid, by greenwood bough, Trembling with rage, stands Ronald now, And in his grasp his sword gleams blue. Soon to be dved with deadlier hue.-Meanwhile the Bruce, with steady eye, Sees the dark death-train moving by. And heedful measures oft the space. The Douglas and his band must trace, Ere they can reach their destined ground. Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound, Now cluster round the direful tree That slow and solemn company, While hymn mistuned and mutter'd prayer The victim for his fate prepare.-

What glances o'er the greenwood shade The spear that marks the ambuscade!-"Now, noble Chief! I leave thee loose! Upon them, Ronald!" said the Bruce.

XXIX

"The Bruce, the Bruce!" to well-know His native rocks and woods reply. "The Bruce, the Bruce!" in that drea The knell of hundred deaths was heard The astonish'd Southerns gazed at first Where the wild tempest was to burst, That waked in that presaging name. Before, behind, around it came! Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled an Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged, And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword rag Full soon the few who fought were sp Nor better was their lot who fled. And met, mid terror's wild career, The Douglas's redoubted spear! Two hundred yeomen on that morn The castle left, and none return.

XXX

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's brand,
A gentler duty claim'd his hand.
He raised the page, where on the plain
His fear had sunk him with the slain;
And twice that morn, surprise well near
Betray'd the secret kept by fear.
Once, when, with life returning, came
To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
And hardly recollection drown'd
The accents in a murmuring sound;
And once, when scarce he could resist
The Chieftain's care to loose the vest,
Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast;
But then the Bruce's bugle blew,
For martial work was vert to do

XXXL

A harder task fierce Edward waits.

Ere signal given, the castle gates

His fury had assail'd;

Such was his wonted reckless mood,

Yet desperate valour oft made good,

3ven by its daring, venture rude,

Where prudence might have fail'd.

Upon the bridge his strength he threw And struck the iron chain in two,

By which its planks arose; The warder next his axe's edge Struck down upon the threshold ledge 'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge

The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southron in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day
But stubborn Edward forced his way

Against a hundred foes.

Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the I No hope or in defence or truce,

Fresh combatants pour in;
Mad with success, and drunk with gor
They drive the struggling foe before,

And ward on ward they win.

Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood

And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood p The cry of death and conflict roar'd,

And fearful was the din!

The startling horses plunged and flung
Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,

Nor sunk the fearful crv.

Till not a foeman was there found Alive, save those who on the ground

Groan'd in their agony!

XXXIL

The valiant Clifford is no more: On Regald's broadsword stream'd his gore. But better hap had he of Lorn, Who, by the foemen backward borne, Yet gain'd with slender train the port, Where lay his bark beneath the fort, And cut the cable loose. Short were his shrift in that debate. That hour of fury and of fate, If Lorn encounter'd Bruce! Then long and loud the victor shout From turret and from tower rung out. The rugged vaults replied; And from the donjon tower on high, The men of Carrick may descry Saint Andrew's cross in blazonry Of silver, waving wide!

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!

-"Welcome, brave friends and comracles all,
Welcome to mirth and joy!

The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God! once more my sire's abode
Is mine—behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy!
And there, the vaulted arch, whose sound
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around
To youth's unthinking glee!
O first, to thee, all-gracious heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks be given!"—
He paused a space, his brow he cross'd—

XXXIV.

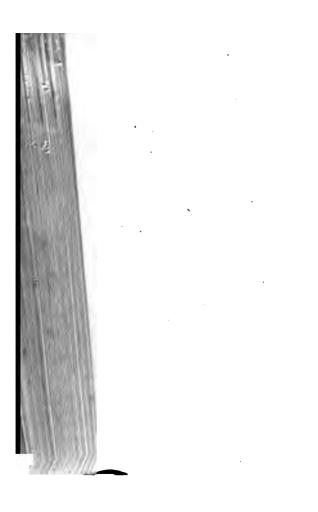
Then on the board his sword he toss'd, Yet steaming hot; with Southern gore From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'er.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four, My noble fathers loved of yore.

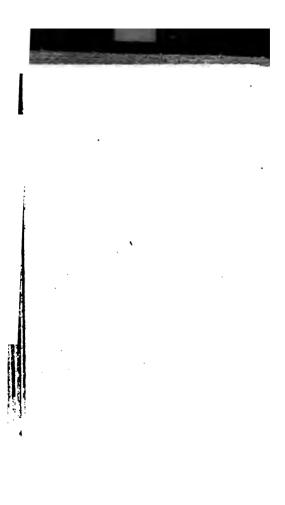
Thrice let them circle round the board,
The pledge, fair Scotland's rights restored!

And he whose lips shall touch the wine,
Without a vow as true as mine,
To hold both lands and life at nought,
Until her freedom shall be bought,—

Be brand of a disloyal Scot. And lasting infamy his lot! Sit, gentle friends ! our hour of glee Is brief, we'll spend it joyously! Blithest of all the sun's bright beams, When betwixt storm and storm he gleams. Well is our country's work begun, But more, far more, must yet be done. Speed messengers the country through; Arouse old friends, and gather new: Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail; Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale: Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts. The fairest forms, the truest hearts! Call all, call all! from Reedswair-Path, To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath: Wide let the news through Scotland ring, The Northern Eagle claps his wing!"



LORD OF THE ISLES.



THE LORD OF THE ISLES. CANTO SIXTH.

I.

O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers mot,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,

And our glad eyes, awake as day begun, Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid

A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and
fears!

The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,

The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,

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That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee;
Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and
liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,
When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's
scale,

When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale;
When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,
And flery Edward routed stout St. John,
When Randolph's war-cry swelled the southern
gale,

And many a fortress, town, and tower was won.

And Fame still sounding forth fresh deeds of glory

done.

п.

Blithe tidings flew from baron's tower,
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,
A vot'ress of the order now,

Say, did the rule that bid thee wear Dim veil and woollen scapulare, And reft thy locks of dark-brown hair,

That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high,
Which glisten'd in thy watery eye,
When minstrel or when palmer told
Each fresh exploit of Bruce the bold?—
And whose the lovely form that shares
Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers?
No sister she of convent shade;
So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,
So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When, mingling with the Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came

III.

Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore;
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.

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There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;
And there, her sex's dress regain'd,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;
And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.

These days, these months, to years had worn
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore;
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the first Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,
If England's King should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to the Bruce.
Ergland was roused—on every side
Courier and post and herald hied,
To summon prince and peer,

At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege, Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,

With buckler, brand, and spear.

The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast

Forth marshall'd for the field;
There rode each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seem'd all on flame,

With banner, blade, and shield!

And not famed England's powers alone,
Renown'd in arms, the summons own;

For Neustria's knights obey'd.
Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,
And Connoght pour'd from waste and word
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

V.

Right to devoted Caledon

The storm of war rolls slowly on,

With menace deep and dread;

So the dark clouds, with gathering power,

Suspend awhile the threaten'd shower,

Till every peak and summit lower

Round the pale pilgrim's head.

Not with such pilgrim's startled eve King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh! Resolved the brunt to bide. His royal summons warn'd the land. That all who own'd their King's command Should instant take the spear and brand, To combat at his side. O who may tell the sons of fame. That at King Robert's bidding came. To battle for the right? From Cheviot to the shores of Ross. From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss. All boun'd them for the fight. Such news the royal courier tells. Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells; But farther tidings must the ear Of Isabel in secret hear. These in her cloister walk, next morn, Thus shared she with the Maid of Lorn.

VI.

"My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
Hath been to Isabel?—
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,
When I must say the words, We part!
The cheerless convent-cell

Was not, sweet maiden, made for thee;
Go thou where thy vocation free
On happier fortunes fell.
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd,
Though Robert knows that Lorn's high Maid
And his poor silent page was one.
Versed in the fickle heart of man,
Earnest and anxious hath he look'd
How Ronald's heart the message brook'd
That gave him, with her last farewell,
The charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon thy better right,
And keep the faith his promise plight.
Forgive him, for thy sister's sake,
At first if vain repinings wake—

Long since that mood is gone; Now dwells he on thy juster claims, And oft his breach of faith he blames— Forgive him for thine own!"

VII.

"No! never to Lord Ronald's bower
Will I again as paramour"——
"Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be said!

The good King Robert would engage Edith once more his elfin page, By her own heart, and her own eve. Her lover's penitence to try-Safe in his royal charge, and free. Should such thy final purpose be, Again unknown to seek the cell. And live and die with Isabel." Thus spoke the Maid-King Robert's eve Might have some glance of policy: Dunstaffnage had the monarch ta'en. And Lorn had own'd King Robert's reign: Her brother had to England fled. And there in banishment was dead: Ample, through exile, death, and flight, O'er tower and land was Edith's right: This ample right o'er tower and land Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

Embarrass'd eye and blushing check Pleisure, and shame, and fear bespeak! Yet much the reasoning Edith made: "Her sister's faith she must upbraid, Who gave such secret, dark and dear, In council to another's ear. Why should she leave the peaceful cell?—
How should she part with Isabel?—
How wear that strange attire agen?—
How risk herself 'midst martial men?—
And how be guarded on her way?—
At least she might entreat delay."
Kind Isabel, with secret smile,
Saw and forgave the maiden's wile,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love.

IX.

Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April's shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!
A thousand soft excuses came,
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
He had her plighted faith and truth—
Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command,
And she, beneath his royal hand,
A ward in person and in land:—
And, last, she was resolved to stay
Only brief space—one little day—

Close hidden in her safe disguise From all, but most from Ronald's eves-But once to see him more !- nor hlame Her wish -to hear him name her name!-Then, to bear back to solitude The thought, he had his falsehood rued! But Isabel, who long had seen Her pallid cheek and pensive mien. And well herself the cause might know, Though innocent, of Edith's woe, Joy'd, generous, that revolving time Gave means to expiate the crime. High glow'd her bosom as she said, "Well shall her sufferings be repaid!" Now came the parting hour-a band From Arran's mountains left the land: Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care The speechless Amadine to bear To Bruce, with honour, as behoved To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.

The king had deem'd the maiden bright Should reach him long before the fight. But storms and fate her course delay: It was on eve of battle-day, When o'er the Ghillie's-hill she rode. The landscape like a furnace glow'd. And far as e'er the eve was borne. The lances waved like autumn-corn. In battles four beneath their eve. The forces of King Robert lie. And one below the hill was laid. Reserved for rescue and for aid: And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line. 'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine. Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh As might well mutual aid supply. Beyond, the Southern host appears. A boundless wilderness of spears. Whose verge or rear the anxious eve Strove far, but strove in vain, to spv. Thick flashing in the evening beam, Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam: And where the heaven join'd with the hill, Was distant armour flashing still, So wide, so far, the boundless host Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd, At the wild show of war aghast! And traversed first the rearward h Reserved for aid where needed mos The men of Carrick and of Ayr, Lennox and Lanark too, were ther

And all the western land; With these the valiant of the Isles Beneath their chieftains ranked th

In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly raised.
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner b
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, mad
Warriors in mail and plate array'd
With the plumed bonnet and the p

By these Hebrideans worn; But O! unseen for three long year Dear was the garb of mountaineer

To the fair maid of Lorn!

For one she look'd—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance.
And thought on battle's desperate

XIL.

To centre of the vaward line Fitz-Louis guided Amadine. Arm'd all on foot, that host appears A serried mass of glimmering spears. There stood the Marchers' warlike band: The warriors there of Lodon's land: Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew. A band of archers fierce, though few: The men of Nith and Annan's vale. And the bold spears of Teviotdale :-The dauntless Douglas these obev. And the young Stuart's gentle sway. North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine, Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine The warriors whom the hardy North From Tay to Sutherland sent forth. The rest of Scotland's war-array With Edward Bruce to westward lay, Where Bannock, with his broken bank And deep ravine, protects their flank. Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood, The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood: His men-at-arms bear mace and lance. And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.

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Thus fair divided by the King, Centre, and right, and left-ward wing, Composed his front; nor distant far Was strong reserve to aid the war. And 'twas to front of this array, Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause: for, in advance As far as one might pitch a lance, The Monarch rode along the van. The foe's approaching force to scan. His line to marshal and to range, And ranks to square, and fronts to change. Alone he rode-from head to heel Sheath'd in his ready arms of steel; Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight, But, till more near the shock of fight, Reining a palfrey low and light. A diadem of gold was set Above his bright steel basinet, And clasp'd within its glittering twine Was seen the glove of Argentine; Truncheon or leading staff he lacks. Bearing, instead, a battle-aze. He ranged his soldiers for the fight,

Of either host.—Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold, Flashing with steel and rough with gold. And bristled o'er with bills and spears, With plumes and pennons waving fair, Was that bright battle-front; for there Rode England's King and peers: And who, that saw that monarch ride, His kingdom battled by his side. Could then his direful doom foretell?-Fair was his seat in knightly selle. And in his sprightly eye was set Some spark of the Plantagenet. Though light and wandering was his glance. It flash'd at sight of shield and lance. "Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine, You knight who marshals thus their line?"-"The tokens on his helmet tell The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."-

" And shall the audacious traitor brave The presence where our banners wave?"-"So please my Liege," said Argentine, " Were he but horsed on steed like mine, To give him fair and knightly chance, I would adventure forth my lance."-"In battle-day," the King replied, "Nice tourney rules are set aside. —Still must the rebel dare our wrath? Set on him—sweep him from our path!* And, at King Edward's signal, soon Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Bounc.

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came, A race renown'd for knightly fame. He burn'd before his Monarch's eye To do some deed of chivalry. He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance, And darted on the Bruce at once. -As motionless as rocks, that bide The wrath of the advancing tide, The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat his And dazzled was each gazing eye— The heart had hardly time to think, The eyelid scarce had time to wink,

While on the King, like flash of flame, Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came! The partridge may the falcon mock, If that slight palfrey stand the shock-But, swerving from the Knight's career. Just as they met. Bruce shunn'd the spear: Onward the haffled warrior bore His course—but soon his course was o'er!-High in his stirrups stood the King. And gave his battle-axe the swing. Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd. Fell that stern dint-the first-the last !-Such strength upon the blow was put. The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut; The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp, Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp. Springs from the blow the startled horse, Drops to the plain the lifeless corse: -First of that fatal blow, how soon. How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI.

One pitying glance the monarch sped, Where on the field his foe lay dead; Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head, And, pacing back his sober way, Slowly he gain'd his own array.

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THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

There round their King the leaders crowd, And blame his recklessness aloud, That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear A life so valued and so dear.

His broken weapon's shaft survey'd The King, and careless answer made,—
"My loss may pay my folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe."
'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low, Did Isabel's commission show;
Edith, disguised, at distance stands, And hides her blushes with her hands.
The monarch's brow has changed its hue, Away the gory axe he threw,
While to the seeming page he drew,

Clearing war's terrors from his eye. For hand with gentle ease he took, With such a kind protecting look,

As to a weak and timid boy Might speak, that elder brother's care And elder brother's love were there.

XVII.

"Fear not," he said, "young Amading Then whisper'd, "Still that name be! Fate plays her wonted fantasy, Kind Amadina with thee and me

And sends thee here in doubtful hour But soon we are beyond her power: For on this chosen battle-plain. Victor or vanquish'd, I remain. Do thou to yonder hill repair: The followers of our host are there. And all who may not weapons bear .-Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care.-Joyful we meet, if all go well: If not, in Arran's holy, cell Thou must take part with Isabel: For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn. Not to regain the Maid of Lorn, (The bliss on earth he covets most.) Would he forsake his battle-post. Or shun the fortune that may fall To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all .-But. hark! some news these trumpets tell: Forgive my haste-farewell-farewell."-And in a lower voice he said, "Be of good cheer-farewell, sweet maid!"-

XVIII.

"What train of dust, with trumpet sound, And glimmering spears, is wheeling round Our leftward flank?"—the Monarch cried, To Moray's Earl who rode beside.

"Lo! round the station pass the foes Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose. The Earl his visor closed, and said. "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall Follow, my household!"-And they a Like lightning on the advancing foe. "My Liege," said noble Douglas ther "Earl Randolph has but one to ten: Let me go forth his band to aid!"--"Stir not. The error he hath mad Let him amend it as he may: I will not weaken mine array." Then loudly rose the conflict-cry. And Douglas's brave heart swell'd his "My Liege," he said, "with patient I must not Moray's death-knell hear "Then go-but speed thee back agai Forth sprung the Douglas with his ta But, when they won the rising hill, He bade his followers hold them still, " See, see! the routed Southerns fly! The Earl hath won the victory. Lo! where you steed runs masterless His banner towers above the press. Rein up; our presence would impair The fame we come too late to share." Back to the host the Douglas rode, And soon glad tidings are abroad.

That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain, His followers fled with loosen'd rein.— That skirmish closed the busy day, And couch'd in battle's prompt array, Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,

Her winding river lay.

Ah, gentle planet! other sight

Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd soughtaid from Heaven.

XX.

On Ghillie's-hill whose height comms
The battle field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
To it the lark that carols shrill?

Is it the lark that carols shrill?

Is it the bittern's early hum?

No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the

With the deep murmur of the d Responsive from the Scottish host, Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were tos His breast and brow each soldier cro

And started from the ground;
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire and k
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd.

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view. The countless ranks of England drew, Dark rolling like the ocean-tide, When the rough west hath chafed his pride. And his deep roar sends challenge wide To all that bars his way! In front the gallant archers trode, The men-at-arms behind them rode. And midmost of the phalanx broad The Monarch held his sway. Beside him many a war-horse fumes. Around him waves a sea of plumes, Where many a knight in battle known. And some who spurs had first braced on, And deemed that fight should see them won. King Edward's hest obev. De Argentine attends his side. With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride. elected champions from the train. 'o wait upon his bridle-rein. pon the Scottish foe he gazed-At once, before his sight amazed. Sunk, banner, spear, and shield; ch weapon-point is downward sent, 284 o

Each warrier to the ground is bent,
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneel'd."—
"Aye!—but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
These men will die or win the field."
—"Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As firrely and as fast,

Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing, As the wild hailstones pelt and ring

Adown December's blast.

Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide,
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,

If the fell shower may last! Upon the right, behind the wood, Each by his steed dismounted, stood

The Scottish chivalry;—
—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain;

Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!"

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks. They rushed among the archer ranks. No spears were there the shock to let. No stakes to turn the charge were set, And how shall veoman's armour slight Stand the long lance and mace of might? Or what may their short swords avail. 'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail? Amid their ranks the chargers sprung. High o'er their heads the weapons swung. And shriek and groan and vengeful shout Give note of triumph and of rout! Awhile, with stubborn hardihood. Their English hearts the strife made good: Borne down at length on every side. Compell'd to flight they scatter wide. Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee, And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee! The broken bows of Bannock's shore Shall in the greenwood ring no more! Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now, The maids may twine the summer bough, May northward look with longing glance. For those that wont to lead the dance.

For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierc'd through, trod down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.

"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field show'd fair and level way;

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care Had bored the ground with many a pit, With turf and brushwood hidden yet,

That form'd a ghastly snare. Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came, With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,

That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,

And trumpet-clang, and clamour dread, The wide plain thunder'd to their tread, As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow, Horseman and horse, the foremost go,

Wild floundering on the field!

The first are in destruction's gorge,

Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—

The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might Was England yet, to yield the fight. Her noblest all are here; Names that to fear were never known, Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,

And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,

Bottetourt and Sanzavere. Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came, And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame -Names known too well in Scotland's war. At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar, Blazed broader vet in after years. At Cressy red and fell Poitiers. Pembroke with these, and Argentine. Brought up the rear-ward battle-line. With caution o'er the ground they tread, Slippery with blood and piled with dead, Till hand to hand in battle set. The bills with spears and axes met, And, closing dark on every side. Raged the full contest far and wide. Then was the strength of Douglas tried, Then proved was Randolph's generous pride. And well did Stuart's actions grace The sire of Scotland's royal race!

Firmly they kept their ground; As firmly England onward press'd, And down went many a noble crest, And rent was many a valiant breast, And Slaughter revell'd round.

XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clane

Were drown'd amid the shriller clang, That from the blades and harness rang,

And in the battle-yell.

Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motive fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.

But ruffian stern, and soldier good,

The noble and the slave,

From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the Grave!

XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins. Though neither loses vet nor wins. High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust, And feebler speeds the blow and thrust. Douglas leans on his war-sword now, And Randolph wipes his bloody brow: Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight. From morn till mid-day in the fight. Strong Egremont for air must gasp. Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp. And Montague must quit his spear, And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere! The blows of Berkley fall less fast, And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast Hath lost its lively tone: Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word, And Percy's shout was fainter heard, "My merry-men, fight on!"

XXVIII.

Druce, with the pilot's wary eye,

The slackening of the storm could spy.

"One effort more, and Scotland's free!

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee

Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe;
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!

The foe is fainting fast!

Each strike for parent, child, and wife,

For Scotland, liberty, and life,—

The battle cannot last!"—

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.

Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appear'd in her distracted view,
To hem the Islesmen round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found?
And ye that look thus tamely on.

And see your native land o'erthrown, O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word,
A frenzy fired the throng;
"Portents and miracles impeach

Our sloth—the dumb our duties tea
And he that gives the mute his spe
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrong
The choice, twixt death or freedom, w
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to ar
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or sper
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain, Reproof, command, and counsel vain, The rearward squadrons fled amain,

Or made but doubtful stay;—
But when they marked the seeming s
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe
The boldest broke array.

O give their hapless prince his due!
'n vain the royal Edward threw
His person'mid the spears.

Cried "Fight!" to terror and despair, Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turned his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,

But quitted there the train:—
"In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again. Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace The fiery Douglas takes the chase,

I know his banner well.

God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,

And many a happier field than this!—

Once more, my Liege, farewell."

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
"Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
"My course is run, the goal is near;
One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine."

Then in his stirrups rising high, He shouted loud his battle-cry,

"Saint James for Argentine!"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breastplate's loosen'd jo
An axe has rased his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,

Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord, Who press'd the chase with gory sword He rode with spear in rest,

And through his bloody tartans bored, And through his gallant breast.

Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer Yet writhed him up against the spear,

And swung his broadsword round:
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave w
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,

The blood gush'd from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay

Hath turn'd him on the ground, And laugh'd in death-pang, that his bl The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done, To use his conquest boldly won; And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell fainting on his ear;
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"
The squadrons round free passage gave,

The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no mcre,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—

The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course

He stumbled on the plain. '
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose;—

"Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
!Iave made our meeting all too late;

Yet this may Argentine, As boon from ancient comrade, crave— A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."

XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its gras Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffen'd and grew cold—
"And, O, farewell!" the victor cried,
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold.

The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd, nor mass was said

XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church those torches
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knev
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due

Yet mourn not, land of Fame!
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

XXXVI.

Then we to Bruce, whose curious ear Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear; With him, a hundred voices tell Of prodigy and miracle,

"For the mute Page had spoke."—
"Page!" said Fitz-Louis, "rather say,
An angel sent from realms of day,

To burst the English yoke.

I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain-top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!"—

"Spoke he with none?"—"With nor Burst when he saw the Island Lord, Returning from the battle-field."—"What answer made the Chief?"—"Durst not look up, but mutter'd low Some mingled sounds that none mig And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear, As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain, Heap'd then with thousands of the sl 'Mid victor monarch's musing high. Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's "And bore he such angelic air, Such noble front, such waving hair? Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he sa "Then must we call the church to ai Our will be to the Abbot known. Ere these strange news are wider blo Ta Cambuskenneth straight ye pass. And deck the church for solemn mas To pay for high deliverance given, A nation's thanks to gracious Heaves Let him array, besides, such state As should on princes' nuptials wait.

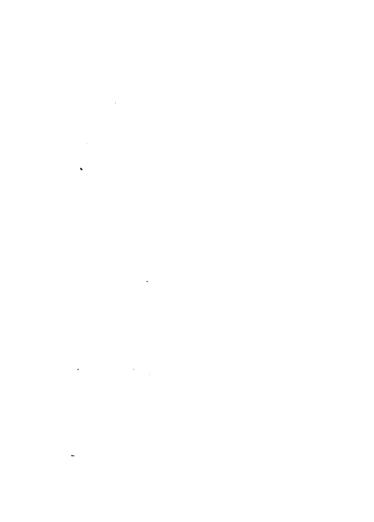
rselves the cause, through fortune's spite, at once broke short that spousal rite, urself will grace, with early morn, a bridal of the Maid of Lorn.

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial seal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words!—there was a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!
What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woe;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know
That one poor garland twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there?

NOTES.



NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE I.

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.
St. I. p. 4.

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea, which divides that island from the continent. situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree. having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch-Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep. or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds which the Lords of the Tales, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argylesbire. they assembled what popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their cour pleniere, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. From this Castle of Artornish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Yle, designating himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of un independent sovereign, a commission to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, Ronald of the Isles, and Duncan, Arch-dean of the Isles, for empowering them to enter into a treaty with the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God, King of France and England, and Lord of Ireland. Edward IV., on his part, named Lanrence, Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Worcester, the prior of St. John's, Lord Wenlock, and Mr. Robert Stillington, keeper of the privy seal, his deputies and commissioners, to confer with those named by the Lord of the Isles. The conference terminated in a treaty, by which the Lord of the Isles agreed to become a vassal to the crown of England, and to assist Edward IV. and James Earl of Douglas, then in banishment, in subduing the realm of Scotland.

The first article provides, that John de Isle, Earl of Ross, with his son Donald Balloch, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liegemen to Edward IV. of England, and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined:

"Item, The seid John Erle of Rosse shall, from the seid fest of Whittesontyde next comyag, yerely, during his lyf, have and take, for fees and wages in tyme of peas, of the seid most high and Christian prince o. mare sterlyng of English money; and in tyme of werre, as long as he shall entende with his myght and power is the said werres, in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have wages of co. lb, sterlyng of English money yerely; and after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the seid werres.

"Item, The seid Donald shall, from the seid feste of Whittesontyde, have and take, during his lyf, yerely, in tyme of peas, for his fees and wages, xx l. sterlyng of English money; and, when he shall be occupied and intend to the werre, with his myght and power, and in manner and fourme aboveseid, he shall have and take, for his wages yerely, xl l. sterlynge of English money; or for the rate of the tyme of werre———

"Item. The seid John, sonn and heire apparent of the said Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid fast, for his fees and wages, in the tyme of peas, x l. sterlynge of English money: and for tyme of werre, and his intendeng thereto, in manner and fourme aboveseid. he shall have, for his fees and wages, yearly xx l, sterlynges of English money: or after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the werre: And the seid John, th' Krie Donald and John, and eche of them, shall have good and sufficieunt paiment of the seid fees and wages, as wel for time of peas as of werre, according to these articules and appointments. Item, it is appointed, accorded, concluded, and finally determined, that, if it so be that hereafter the seid resume of Scotlande, or the more part thereof, he conquered, subdued, and brought to the obeissance of the seid most high and Christian prince, and his heires, or successoures, of the seid Lionell, in fourme aboveseid descendyng, be the assistance, helpe, and aide of the seid John Erle of Rosse, and Donald, and of James Erle of Douglas, then, the said fees and wages for the time of peas cessying. the same erles and Donald shall have, by the graunte of the same most Christian prince, all the possessions of the seid resume beyonde Scottishe see, they to be departed equally betwixt them : eche of them, his heires and successours, to holde his parte of the seid most Christian prince, his heires and successours, for evermore, in right of his croune of England, by homege and feente to be done therefore.

"Item. If so be that, by th' aide and assistance of the seid James Erle of Douglas, the saide reaume of Scotlande be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have, enjoie, and inherite all his own possessions, landes, and inheritaunce, on this syde of the Scottish see; that is to saye, betwixt the seide Scottishe see and Englande, such he hath rejoied and be possessed of before this there to holde them of the seid most high and Christian prince, his heires and successours, as is abovesaid, for evermore, in right of the coroune of Englonde, as weel the seid Erle of Douglas, as his heires and successours, by homage and feaute to be done therefore."—RYMEN'S Fadera Concentiones Littera et cujuscunque generis Acts Publica. Fol. vol. v. 1741.

Such was the treaty of Artonish; but it does not appear that the allies ever made any very active effort to realise their ambitious designs. It will serve to show both the power of these reguli, and their independence upon the crown of Scotland.

It is only farther necessary to say of the Castle of Artonish that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lord of the Isles.

NOTE II.

Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark Will long pursue the Minstrel's bark.

St. II. p. 5.

The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled besttractions for them. The Dean of the Isles says of Heisker, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve

(Scottish) miles from the isle of Uist, that an infinite sizughter-of seals takes place there.

NOTE III.

dark Mull! thy mighty Sound.
St. VIII. p. 9.

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Aros, or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, vet deep enough to hear vessels of the largest burden. he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull: on the right those of that district of Argyleshire. called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water locks, running up many miles inland. To the south-eastward arises a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruschan Ben is pre-eminent. And to the north-east is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles. situated generally upon cliffs overbanging the ocean. add interest to the scene. Those of Donolly and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sent of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward. Artornish and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens, are equally formidable. So that in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

NOTE IV.

From Hirt———
To the green Ilay's fertile shore.—
St. VIII, p. 10.

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilds is the most northerly. anciently called Hirth, or Hirt, probably from " earth." being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. which now belongs almost entirely to Walter Campbell. Esq. of Shawfield, is by far the most fertile of the Hebrides, and has been greatly improved under the spirited and sagacious management of the present proprietor. This was in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their grandeur were vet extant. "Loch-Finlagan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trouts, and eels: this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The Isle Finlagan, from which this lake hath its name, is in it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great Mac-Donald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, &c. are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Lucht-tach, kept' guard on the lake side nearest to the isle; the walls of their houses are still to be seen. The high court of judicature, consisting of fourteen, sat also here; and there was an

appeal to them from all the courts in the isle: the eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a big stone of seven feet square, in which there was a deep impression made to receive the feet of Mao-Donald; for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects: and then his father's awird was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, and were his vassals; at which time the orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors," &c.—MARTIN'S Account of the Western Isles, octavo, London, 1716, p. 240, 1.

NOTE V.

——Mingarry sternly placed,

O erawes the woodland and the waste.

St. VIII. p. 10.

The Castle of Mingarry is situated on the sea-coast of the district of Ardamurchan. The ruins, which are tolerably entire, are surrounded by a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, for the purpose of adapting itself to the projecting angles of a precipice overhanging the sea, on which the castle stands. It was anciently the residence of the Mao-Isns, a clan of Mao-Donalds, descended from Ian, or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Mingarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated Leabhar dearg, or Red-book of Clanronald, a MS. renowned in the Ossianic controversy. Allaster Mac-Donald, commonly called Colquitto, who commanded the Irish aux-district seat over by the Earl of Antrim during the great civil war to the assistance of Montrose, began his energy

terprise in 1644, by taking the castles of Kinloch-Alline and Minearry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation. be expected. In the meanwhile, Allaster Mac-Donald's ships, which had brought him over, were attacked in Loch Risord, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the covenanting parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the king. had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junetion which he effected in the brace of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the castle of Mingarry, but without success. Among other warriors and chiefs whom Argyle summoned to his camp to assist upon this occasion, was John of Moidart, the Captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from vielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lav waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the Castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster Mac-Donald (Colquitto), who had been detached for the purpose by Montrose. These particulars are hardly worth mentioning, were they not connected with the memorable snocesses of Montrose, related by an eyewitness, and his therto unknown to Scottish historians.

NOTE VL

The Heir of mighty Somerled.
8t. VIII. p. 16.

Somerled was these of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, indepen-

dent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV... and seems to have made peace with him, upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164. he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeeted and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. His son Gillicolane fell in the same battle. This mighty chieftain married a daughter of Olans, King of Man. From him our genealogists deduce two dynasties, distinguished in the stormy history of the middle ages; the Lords of the Isles descended from his elder son Ronald.—and the Lords of Lorn, who took the sirname of M'Dougal, as descended from his second son Dougal. That Somerled's territories upon the mainland, and upon the islands, should have been thus divided between his two sons, instead of passing to the elder exclusively, may illustrate the uncertainty of descent among the great Highland families, which we shall presently notice.

NOTE VII.

Lord of the Isles.

St. VIII. p. 10.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, esphonia gratia, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy.

Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he re-

ceived in his Castle of Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to censure for attempting to decide a controversy which has long existed between three distinguished chieftains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched. I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such applicate. really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period. without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue, which must depend upon avidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

"Angus Og." says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, "son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Roland, son of Somerled, high chief and superior Lord of Innisgall, (or the Isles of the Gael, the general name given to the Hebrides), he married a danghter of Cunbui, namely, Cathan; she was mother to John, son of Angus, and with her came an unusual portion from Ireland, viz. twenty-four clans, of whom twenty-four families in Scotland are descended. Angus had another son, namely, young John Fraoch, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glencoe, and the M'Donalds of Fraoch. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innisgall. He had good descendants, namely, three some procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodric, high chief of Lorn. and one daughter, Mary, married to John Maclean. Laird of Duart, and Lauchlan, his brother, Laird of Coll: she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Roland, Godfrey, and Angus. He gave Ronald a great inheri-These were the lands which he care him, vis. Lance.

from Kilcumin in Abertarf to the river Seil, and from thence to Beilli, north of Eig and Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Glaichan. and threescore long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyear; she bore him three good sons. Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tainister. (i. c. Thane), the second son, and Alexander Currach. John had another son called Marcus, of whom the clan Macdonald of Cnoc, in Tirowen, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Icolumkill: he covered the chapel of Eorsay-Elan, the chapel of Finlagam, and the chapel of the Isle of Tsuibhne, and gave the proper furniture for the service of God. upholding the clergy and monks; he built or repaired the church of the Holy Cross immediately before his death. He died at his own castle of Ardtorinish, many priests and monks took the sacrament at his funeral, and they embalmed the body of this dear man, and brought it to Icolumkill: the abbot, monks, and vicar, came as they ought to meet the King of Fiongal,1 and out of great respect to his memory mourned eight days and nights over it, and laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Oran. 1880.

"Ronald, son of John, was chief ruler of the Isles in his father's lifetime, and was old in the government at his father's death.

"He assembled the gentry of the Isles, brought the sceptre from Kildonan in Eig, and delivered it to his brother Donald, who was thereupon called M'Donald, and Donald Lord of the Isles,s contrary to the opinion of the men of the Isles.

"Bonald, son of John, son of Augus Og, was a great supporter of the church and clergy; his descendants are called Clanronald. He gave the lands of Tirums, in

1 Western Isles and adjacent coast. 2 Innisgall.
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Uist, to the minister of it for ever, for the honour of God and Columkill; he was proprietor of all the lands of the north along the coast and the isles; he died in the year of Christ 1386, in his own mansion of Castle Tirim, leaving five children. Donald of the Isles, son of John, son of Angus Og, the brother of Bonald, took possession of Inniagall by the consent of his brother and gentry thereof; they were all obedient to him: he married Mary Lesley, daughter of the Earl of Ross, and by her came the earldom of Boss to the M'Donalds. After his succession to that earldom, he was called M'Donald, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross. There are many things written of him in other places.

"He fought the battle of Garioch (i. c. Harlaw) against Duke Murdoch, the governor: the Earl of Mar commanded the army in support of his claim to the earldon of Ross: which was ceded to him by King James the First, after his release from the King of England, and Duke Murdoch, his two sons and retainers, were beheaded; he gave lands in Mull and Isla to the minister of Hi, and every privilege which the master of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Columkill for the monastery, and became himself one of the fraternity. He left issue, a lawful heir to Innisgall and Ross. namely. Alexander, son of Donald : he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Oran. Alexander, called John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles. the third son of John, son of Angus Og, married the daughter of John, the son of Allan, which connection caused some disagreement betwixt the two families about their marches and division of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John: the differences increased so much, that John obtained from Allan all the lands betwirt Abban Fakda (i. c. the long river) and old na sionnnach (s. e. the fox-burn brook), in the upper part of Cantyre. Allan went to the king to complain of his son-in-law: in a short time thereafter, there happened to be a great meeting about this young Angus's land to the north of Inverness, where he was murdered by his own harper Mac-Cairbre, by cutting his throat with a long knife. Hel lived a year thereafter, and many of those concerned were delivered up to the king. Angus's wife was pregnant at the time of his murder, and she bore him a son who was named Donald, and called Donald Du. He was kept in confinement until he was thirty years of age, when he was released by the men of Glenco, by the strong hand. After this enlargement, he came to the Isles and convened the gentry thereof. There happened great fends betwixt these families while Donald Du was in confinement, insomuch that Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Cantyre. For John Cathanach, son of John, son of Donald Ballach, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angus Og (the chief of the descendants of John Mor), and John Mor, son of John Cathanach, and young Donald Ballach, son of John Cathanach, were treacherously taken by Mac-Cean in the island of Fanlagan, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh, where he got them hanged at the Burrow-muir, and their hodies were buried in the church of St. Anthony. called the New Church. There were none left alive at that time of the children of John Cathenach, except Alexander, son of John Cathanach, and Agnes Flach, who concealed themselves in the glens of Ireland. Mac-Cean, hearing of their hiding-places, went to cut down the woods of these glens, in order to destroy Alexander, and extirpate the whole race. At length Mac-Cean and Alexander met, were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place; Alexander married Mac-Cean's daughter, and she brought him good children. The Mac-Donalds

¹ The murderer, I presume, not the man who was mur-dered.

of the north had also descendants: for, af of John, Lord of the Isles and Earl of R murder of Agnes, Alexander, the son of A son of Alexander of the Isles, took possess: was in possession of the earldom of Ross, a bordering country: he married a daughte of Moray, of whom some of the men of the scended. The Mac-Kenzies rose against A fought the battle called Blar na Paire. A only a few men of Ross at the battle. that battle to take possession of the Isles. a ship to the south to see if he could find a: terity of John Mor alive, to rise along with his Cean of Ardnamurchan watched him as he followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, wen where he was, and he and Alexander, son o anach, murdered him there.

"A good while after these things fell Galda, son of Alexander, son of Archibold. jor: he, with the advice and direction o Moray, came to the Isles, and Mac-Leod and many of the gentry of the Isles, rose w went by the promontory of Ardnamurchar met Alexander, the son of John Cathanach ciled to him, he joined his men with theirs Cean of Ardnamurchan, came upon him at: the Silver Craig, where he and his three sor number of his people, were killed, and I was immediately declared Mac-Donald: A affair of Ardnamurchan, all the men of the to him, but he did not live above seven or afterit; he died at Carnaborg, in Mull, w He had three sisters, daughters of Alexa Archibald, who were portioned in the ne continent, but the earldom of Ross was k Alexander, the son of Archibald, had a nat ed John Cam, of whom is descended A in Ramoeh, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald, son of Alexander Duson, of John Cam. Donald Du. son of Ansus. son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came after his release from captivity to the Isles. and convened the men thereof, and he and the Earl of Lennox agreed to raise a great army for the purpose of taking possession, and a ship came from England with a supply of money to carry on the war, which landed at Mull, and the money was given to Mac-Lean of Duart to be distributed among the commanders of the army. which they not receiving in proportion as itshould have been distributed among them, caused the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, he disbanded his own men, and made it up with the King. Mac-Donald went to Ireland to raise men, but he died on his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daughters."

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Sennachie, touches such a delicate discussion with a genthe hand, the point of difference between the three principal septs descended from the Lord of the Isles. The first question, and one of no easy solution, where so littie evidence is produced, respects the nature of the connexion of John, called by the Archdean of the Isles "the Good John of Ila," and "the last Lord of the Isles," with Appe, daughter of Roderick Mac-Dougal high-chief of Lorn. In the absence of positive evidence, presumptive must be resorted to, and I own that it appears to pender in the highest degree improbable that this conmexicon was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between David II, and Edward Baliol, John of the Isles expouned the Baliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family predilection, friendly to Baliol and bostile to Bruce. It seems absurd to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same descent, and nearly equal power and rank, (though the Mac-Dougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce.) such a connexion should have been that of concubinage; and it appears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided sunsriority in Scotland, induced "the good John of Ila" to disinherit, to a certain extent, his eldest son Ronald. who came of a stock so unpopular as the Mac-Donesis. and to call to his succession his younger family, born of Margaret Stuart, daughter of Robert, afterwards King The setting saide of this elder branch of of Scotland. his family, was most probably a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into favour with the dvnasty he had always opposed. Nor were the laws of succession at this early period so clearly understood as to bar such transactions. The numerous and strange claims set up to the crown of Scotland, when vacant by the death of Alexander III., make it manifest how very little the indefeasible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period. In fact, the title of the Rences themselves to the crown, though justly the most popular when assumed with the determination of asserting the independence of Scotland, was, upon pure principle, greatly inferior to that of Baliol. For Bruce, the competitor, claimed as son of Isabella, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon; and John Baliol, as grandson of Margaret, the elder daughter of that same carl. So that the plea of Bruce was founded upon the very loose idea, that as the great grandson of David I., King of Scotland, and the nearest collateral relation of Alexander III., he was entitled to succeed in conclusion of the great great grandson of the same David, though by an elder daughter. This maxim savoured of the ancient practice of Scotland, which often called a brother to sneseed to the crown as nearer in blood than a grandchild. or even a son of a deceased monarch. But, in truth,

the maxims of inheritance in Scotland were sometimes departed from at periods when they were much more distinctly understood. Such a transposition took place in the family of Hamilton, in 1513, when the descendants of James, third Lord, by lady Janet Home, were set aside, with an appanage of great value indeed, in order to call to the succession those which he had by a subsequent marriage with Janet Beatoun. In short. many other examples might be quoted to show that the question of legitimacy is not always determined by the fact of succession; and there seems reason to believe that Rouald, descendant of "John of Ila." by Ann of Lorn, was legitimate, and therefore Lord of the Isles de jure, though de fucto his younger half-brother Donald. son of his father's second marriage with the Princess of Scotland, superseded him in his right, and apparently by his own consent. From this Donald so preferred is descended the family of Sleat, now Lords Mac-Donald. On the other hand, from Ronald, the excluded heir, upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the chiefs of Glengary and Clanronald, each of whom had large possessions, and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long descent of warlike ancestry. Their common ancestor was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Elcho, A. D. 1346. I believe it has been subject of fierce dispute, whether Donald, who carried on the line of Glengary, or Allan of Moidart, the ancestor of the captains of Clanronald, was the eldest son of Ronald, the son of John of Isla. A humble Lowlander may be permitted to waive the discussion, since a Sennachie of no small note, who wrote in the sixteenth century, expresses himself upon this delicate topic in the following words :--

"I have now given you an account of every thing you can expect of the descendants of the clan Colls, (i. s. the Mac-Donalds), to the death of Donald Du at Drogheds, namely, the true line of those who possessed the

Isles, Ross, and the mountainous countries of Scotland. It was Donald, the son of Angus, that was killed at Inverness, (by his own harper Mac-i Cairbre), son of Joh of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og. And I know not which of his kindred or relations is the true heir except these five sons of John, the son of Angus Og, whom I here set down for you, namely, Ronald and Godfrey, the two sons of the daughter of Mac-Donald of Lorn, and Donald and John Mor, and Alexander Carraoh, the three sons of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert Stewart, King of Sootland,"—Leabhar Dearg,

NOTE VIII.

-The House of Lorn .- St. XI. p. 13.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshre, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyle. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn, 1 who was slain by Bruce in the

1 The aunt, according to Lord Hailes. But the genealogy is distinctly given by Wintoun :-

The third daughter of Red Comyn,
Alvander of Argyle syne,
Took and wedded til his wife
And on her he gat until his life,
John of Lorn, and whilk gat
Rwen of Lorn after that.
Winyou's Chrowick, Book VIII, c. F7. line 206.

Dominican Church at Dumfries, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits during the early and distress. ed period of his reign, as we shall have repeated occasion Bruce, when he began to obtain an ascendaney in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to requite these injuries. He marched into Argyleshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chieftain, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Dalmally and Bunawe. It is a narrow nath along the verge of the huge and precipitous mountain called Cruschan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn. detained their attention to the front of their position. James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser. Sir Wil-Ham Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grev, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyleshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge. This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were therefore dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early betaken himself to the galleva which he had upon the lake; but the feelings which Rarbour assigns to him, while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers, exculpate him from the charge of nowardice.

"To John of Lorn it should displease, I trow, when he his men might see Be slain and chased in the hill, That he might set not help there ill. But it angers us greatumly To good hearts that are worthy, To see their foes fulfil their will As to themselves to thoil the ill."

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyleshire, and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal stronghold of the Mac-Dougals a garrison and governor of his own. The elder Mac-Dougal, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, "rebellious," says Barbour, "as he wont to be," fled to England by sea. wars between the Bruce and Baliol factions again broke out in the reign of David II, the Lords of Lorn were again found upon the losing side, owing to their hereditary enmity to the house of Bruce. Accordingly, upon the issue of that contest, they were deprived by David II. and his successor of by far the greater part of their extensive territories, which were conferred upon Stewart, called The Knight of Lorn. The house of Mac-Dougal continued, however, to survive the loss of power, and affords a very rare, if not an unique instance of a family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the middle ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station. Castle of Dunolly, near Oban, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with their right of chieftainship over the families of their name These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture, for his accession to the insurrection of that period: thus losing the remains of his inheritance. to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes, whose accession his ancestors had opposed at

the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many Highland chiefs lost theirs.

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situa-The ruins are situated upon a bold tion of Dunolly. and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive. and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donion or keep: but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it has been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a court-yard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly out across by a most, and defended doubtless by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on one hand Loch Etive. with its islands and mountains : on the other, romantic eminences tufted with copsewood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge unright pillar, or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called Clackna-can. or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say, that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarcely be conceived: and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once nowarful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick Mac-Dougal, Esq., the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington,—a death well becoming his ancestry.

NOTE IX.

Those lightnings of the wave.

St. XXI. p. 21.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action, by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn, or other animal substances. They remind one strongly of the description of the sea-snakes in Mr. Coleridge's wild, but highly postical balled of the Ancient Mariner:—

"Beyond the shadow of the ship I watch'd the water-nakes; They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they rear'd, the elvish light Fell off in hoary flakes."

NOTE X.

Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair
So strait, so high, so steep,
With peasant's stuff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd,
'Gainst hundreds armed with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep.

St. XXIV. p. 23.

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the sea-shore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded. Nothing can be more wild than the situations which they chose, and the devices by which architects endeavoured to defend them. Narrow stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access, and the drawhridge appears at Dunstaffinge, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a stair-case: so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarlous elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack.

These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very socient family of MacNiel of Barra kept this attendant at their castle about a hundred years ago. Martin gives the following account of the difficulty which attended his procuring entrance there:—"The little island Kismul lies about a quarter of a mile from the south of this isle (Barra); it is the seat of Mackneil of Barra; there is a stone wall around it two stories high, resohing the sea; and within the wall there is an old tower and an hall, with other

houses about it. There is a little magazine to which no stranger has access. I saw tl ed the Cockman, and an old cock he is: w ferry me over the water to the Island, h but an inferior officer, his business being the tower; but if (says he) the constable, on the wall, will give you access, I'll ferry desired him to procure me the constable and I would reward him; but having waite for the constable's answer, and not receiv obliged to return without seeing this famou neil and his lady being absent, was the cau culty, and of my not seeing the place. I weeks after, that the constable was appreh design I might have in viewing the fort, a expose it to the conquest of a foreign pow I supposed there was no great cause of fe

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE L.

--- De Argentine.

St. III. p. 84.

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were. Henry of Luxemburg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement. An easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Avmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II. at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost they proed the king from the field. De Argentine saw the ing safe from immediate danger, and then took his ave of him: "God be with you, sir," he said: "it is at my wont to fiv." So saying, he turned his horse. ied his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combaits, and was slain. Baston, a rhyming monk who had m brought by Edward to celebrate his expected triph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine:

Nobilis Argenten, pugil inclyte, dulcis Egidi, Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.

"The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valour, and courteousness. Few Leonine couplets can be produced that have so much sentiment. I wish that I could have collected more ample memorials concerning a character altogether different from modern manners. Sir Giles d'Arpentine was a hero of romanoe in real life." So observes the excellent Lord Hailes.

NOTE II.

"Fill me the mighty cup," he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled."

St. IV. p. 35.

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland. The following is a pretty accurate description of its shape and dimensions, but cannot, I fear, be perfectly understood without a drawing.

This very curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a tea-cup; fourshort feet support the whole. Above the projecting ledge the shape of the cup is nearly square, projecting outward at the brim. The cup is made of wood, (oak to all appearance.) but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones: two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the tour corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge. brim, and legs of the cup are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Ghlune-du. or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend perfectly legible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems to run thus:

The: Johes: Mich: Afgn: Pncipis: De: Ur: Manae: Eich: Liúa: Mgrnneil: Et: Spat: Bo: Jhu: Ba: || Clea: Klloru Dpa. ||
Fecti: Ano: Di: Ky: 930 § Onili: Oimi:
The inscription may run thus at length; Ufo Johannis Mich Magni Principis de Hr Manae Vich Lichia Magniperial Domino Ihem dari elementiam illorum opera. Fecti Anno Domini 1933 Onili Oimi. Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liahia Maggryneil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i. e. his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Oneil

Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and

But this verison does not include the puzzling letters RB before the word Mause. Within the mouth of the cup the letters Jbs. (Jesus) repeated four times. From this and other circumstances it would seem to have been a chalice. This circumstance may perha; account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 33. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 991, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 993. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means utensils of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language Streah, i.e. a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer fill'd the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours. It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquimtance have been witnesses to this oustom of drinking, but it is now abolished."

This savage custom was not entirely done away within this last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The Learers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mirglip. They then came to do him the said good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bedroom. It was a permission be could not obtain. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle; that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, at any rate he must submit to receive it: and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who baulked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet. The same author continues:—

"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavitæ, and not see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chance to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he is obliged, upon his return, and before he takes his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose: which custom obtains in many places still, and is called Bianchis Bard, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company."

Few cups were better, at least more actively, employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described. There is in the Leabhar Dearg, a song, intimating the cerflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan-Ronald, after the emberance of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal fortress of Mac-Leod. The translation being obviously very literal, has greatly flattened, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of Mac-Vuirich, might have suffered by their transfusion through such a medium. It is pretty plain, that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor Macleod, by Niai

"The six night's I remained in the Dun not a show of hospitality I met with there, ful feast in thy fair hall among thy numheroes.

"The family placed all round under the their great chief, raised by his prosperity for his warlike feats, now enjoying the confriends at the feast.—Amidst the sound of flowing cups, and happy youth unaccustom feud, partaking of the generous fare by a

"Mighty Chief, liberal to all your princ filled with your numerous warlike host, wh wine would overcome the hardiest heroes, tinued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host our fare."—Translated by D. MacIntosk.

It would be unpardonable in a modern be exprienced the hospitality of Duwegan (present day, to omit paying his own tribut for a reception more elegant indeed, but n sincere, than Sir Roderick More himself of forded. But Johnson has already descriscene in the same anoient patriarchal resi Lords of Mac-Leod:—"Whatever is immiddest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchal cepted, would be felt by him, who, wan mountains without a guide, or upon the a pilot, should be carried, amidst his terro tainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Rivegan."

NOTE III.

With solemn step, and silver wand, The Seneschal the presence scann'd, Of these strange guests;—

St. VI. p. 37.

The Sewer, to whom, rather than the Seneschal, the office of arranging the guests of an island chief appertained, was an officer of importance in the family of a Hebridean chief .- "Every family had commonly two stewards, which in their language, were called Marischall Tach: the first of these served always at home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigree of all the tribes in the isles, and in the Highlands of Scotland: for it was his province to assign every man at table his seat according to his quality; and this was done without one word speaking, only by drawing a score with a white rod, which this Marischall had in his hand, before the person who was bid by him to sit down; and this was necessary to prevent disorder and contention; and though the Marischall might sometimes be mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an escape: but this custom has been laid aside of late. also cup-bearers, who always filled and carried the cup round the company, and he himself always drank off the first draught. They had likewise purse-masters, who kept their money. Both these officers had an hereditary right to their office in writing, and each of them had a town and land for his service: some of these rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment."-MARTIN'S Western Isles.

NOTE IV.

----The rebellious Scottish crew, Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew, With Carrick's outlaw'd chief. St. IX. p. 39,

It must be remembered by all who have read the Socttish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries. and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the Euglish and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his anthority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one." On the 29th March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 19th June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth; and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and fortunes. After this disaster, his life was that of an outlaw, rather than a candidate for He separated himself from the females of his retinue, whom he sent for safety to the castle of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterward became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire. Bruce retreated to the mountainous part of Breadalbane, and approached the borders of Argyleshire. There, as mentioned in a preceding and more fully in a subsequent note, he was defeated by the Lord of Lorn. who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his relative, John the Red Comyn. from this peril, Bruce, with his few attendants, subsisted by hunting and fishing, until the weather compelled

them to seek better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded. With great difficulty they crossed, from Rowardennan probably, to the western banks of Lochlomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The valiant and loyal Earl of Lennox, to whose territories they had found their way, welcomed them with tears, but was unable to assist them to make an effectual head. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Cantyre, received the fuggitive monarch and future restorer of his country's independence, in the Castle of Dunnaverty, in that district, But treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst not abide there. Accordingly with the remnant of his followers, Bruce embarked for Rath Erin, or Rachrine, the Recins of Ptolemy, a small island, lying almost opposite the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland. The Islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring, [1306,] when he again returned to Scotland, with a desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom, or perish in the attempt, progress of his success, from its commencement to its completion, forms the brightest period in Scottish history.

NOTE V.

The Brooch of Lorn.

St. XI, p. 41.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methren, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyle-

shire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed. after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn. that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms M'Keoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that be was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dving grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credibility upon the tradition, although it does not entirely coincide either in the names or the number of the vassals by whom Bruce was assailed, and makes no mention of the personal danger of Lorn, or of the loss of Bruce's mantle. The last circumstance, indeed, might be warrantably omitted.

According to Barbour, the King, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyleshire men, in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadsbane, near Teyndrum. The place of action is still called Dalry, or the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long

pole-axes, of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valour used by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers," Methinks, Murthokson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Gol Mak-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal."-" A most unworthy comparison." observes the Archdescon of Aberdeen, unsuspicious of the future fame of these names: " he might with more propriety have compared the King to Sir Gaudefer de Larve, protecting the foragers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander."1 Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers. whose names Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser, (interpreted Durward, or Porterson.) resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the Mac-Keoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice where the King had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprang upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm: a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him, but the King, putting spurs to his horse, thew him down, still holding by the stirrup,

1 This is a very curious passage, and has been often quoted in the Ossianic controversy. That it refers to ancient Celtic tradition, there can be no doubt, and as little that it refers to no incident in the poems published by Mr. Macpherson as the Gaelic. The hero of romance, whom Barbour thinks a more proper prototype for the Bruce, occurs in the romance of Alexander, of which there is an unique translation into Scottish verse in the library of the honourable Mr. Maule of Panmure.—See Weber & Romances, vol. I. Appendix to Introductions, p. Lexisi.

ther. Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnesses a charter of Robert Brus. Lord of Annandale, before the year 1141.) had two sons. Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Dudean, who married Isabel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that Ilk : they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Brus, dated 10th August, the year being omitted -Umphray, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from the king, 16th July, 1322-his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame, of Mosskessen, of an annual rent of 40 shirlings, out of the lands of Overdryft, 1355-his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garroch, of the twa merk land of Glengip and Garvellgill, within the tenement of Wamphray, 22d April, 1372. From this, it appears that the Torthorwald branch was not concerned in the affair of Comyn's murder, and the inflictions of Providence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minstrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related :---

("Kyrkpatrick, that cruel was and keyne, In Esdaill wod that half zer he had been; With Inglismen he couth nocht weill accord, Off Torthorowald he Baron was and Lord, Off kyn he was to Wallace modyr ner.")—&a.

But this Baron seems to have had no share in the adventures of King Robert; the crest of his family, as it still remains on a carved stone built into a cottage wall, in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grose, to a rose.

"Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent's death-blow to Sir Roger K. of Closeburn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the king on that occasion; and proceeds to relate some cirwas a lesser buckle, which was wove in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight; it had in the centre a large piece of crystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size.—Western Islands."

Pennant bas given an engraving of such a brooch as Martin describes, and the workmanship of which is very elegant. It is said to have belonged to the family of Lochbuy.—See PENNANT'S Tour, vol. III. p. 14.

NOTE VII.

Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand.—
St. XIII. p. 42.

The gallant Sir James, called the good Lord Douglas. the most faithful and valiant of Bruce's adherents, was wounded at the battle of Dulry. Sir Nigel, or Niel Camphell was also in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Mariorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers. In a manuscript account of the house of Argyle, supplied, it would seem, as materials for Archbishop Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland, I find the following passage concerning Sir Niel Campbell :- " Moreover, when all the nobles of Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, vet this noble knight was most faithful, and shrinked not. as it is to be seen in an indenture bearing these words: -Memorandum quod cum ab incarnatione Domini 1308 compentum fuit et concordatum inter nobiles viros Domiaum Alexandrum de Seatoun militem et Dominum Gilbertum de Have militem et Dominum Nigellum Campbell militem anud monasterium de Cambuskenneth 90 Septembris qui tacta sancta eucharista, magnoque juramento facto. invarunt se debere libertatem regni et Robertum nuper regem coronatum contra omnes mortales Francos Angles Scetos defendere usque ad ultimum terminum vita ipsorum. Their sealles are appended to the indenture in greene wax, togithir with the seal of Gulfrid, Abbot of Cambuskenneth."

NOTE VIII.

Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody d'rk, Maki g sure of murder's work.— St. XIII. p. 42.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland. was the death of John, called the Red Comvn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians. and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfrians Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church. Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpstrick of Closeburn, and James de Lindsay, who excerts asked him what tidings? " Bad tidings," answered Bruce. "I doubt I have slain Comyn."-" Doubtest thou?" sald Kirkpatrick; "I make sicker," (i. e. sure). With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comvn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed. s hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words. "I make sicker." Some doubt having been started by the late Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Kirkpatrick who completed this day's work with Sir Rocer.

then representative of the ancient family of Closeburn, my kind and ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, has furnished me with the following memorandum, which appears to fix the deed with his ancestor:—

"The circumstances of the Regent Cummin's murder. from which the family of Kirkpatrick, in Nithedale, is said to have derived its crest and motto, are well known to all conversant with Scottish history : but Lord Hailes has started a doubt as to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the murder of Roger Kirkpstrick. in his own castle of Caerlaverock, by Sir James Lindsay. 'Fordun,' says his Lordship, 'remarks that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men who accompanied Robert Brus at the fatal conference with Comyn. If Fordun was rightly informed as to this particular, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have long entertained, that the person who struck his dagger in Comyn's heart, was not the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick in Nithadale. d. K. was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 5th of August 1357; for, on that day, Humphry, the son and heir of Roger de K., is proposed as one of the young gentlemen who were to be hostages for David Bruce. Roger de K. Miles was present at the Parliament held at Edinburgh, 25th September, 13:7, and he is mentioned as alive 3d October, (Fædera;) it follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June, 13:7. must have been a different person.'-Annals of Scotland. vol. ii. p. 232.

"To this it may be answered, that at the period of the regent's murder, there were only two families of the name of Kirkpatrick, (nearly allied to each other) in existence—Stephen Kirkpatrick, styled in the Chartulary of Kelso (1278) Dominus vilæ de Closeburn, Filius et haves Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Mülitis, (whose fa-

NOTE IX.

Borendown fled fast away, Fled the fiery De la Hay.--

St. XIII. p. 42.

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents, who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methyen.

"With him was a bold baron, Schyr William the Baroundoun,

Schyr Gilbert de la Haye alsua,"

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay engaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Errol, a staunch adherent to King Robert's interest, and whom he rewarded by creating him hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, atitle which he used 16th March, 1308, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designed Gilbertus de Hay Constabulorius Scoties. He was slain at the battle of Halidoun-hill. Hugh de la Haye, his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Mathren.

NOTE X.

Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains, To praise the hand that pays thy pains.— St. XIV, p. 42.

The character of the Highland bards, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes

Wallace, who had oft-times set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, in Fenchurche street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legrave and Geffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him; and in the great hall at Westminster, he being placed on the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past that he ought to bear a crown in that hall. as it was commonly reported; and being appeached for a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice. he answared, that he was never traitor to the King of England: but for other things whereof he was accused he confessed them: and was after headed and quartered." STOWR. Chr. p. 209. There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and nopular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. "Accursed," save Arnold Blair, "be the day of nativity of John de Menteith, and may his name be struck out of the book of life," But John de Menteith was all along a zealous favourer of the English interest. and was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confident of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely, and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant. whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

"William Waleis is nomen that master was of theves, Tiding to the king is comen that robbery mischieves. Sir John of Menetest sued William so nigh, He took when he ween'd least, on night, his leman him by. That was through treason of Jack Short his man, He was the enchosen that Sir John so him ran, Jack's brother had te slain, the Waleis that is asad, The more Jack was fain to do William that braid."

From this it would appear that the infamy of seising Wallace must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of England, and a domestic, the obscure agent of his treachery; between Sir John Monteith, son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

NOTE XIII.

Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye, And valiant Seton—where are they? Where Somerville, the kind and free? And Fraser, flower of chivalry?

St. XXVI. p. 56.

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indistinct recollection concerning the individual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle of Methren. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville of Lintoun and Cowdally, ancestor of Lord Somerville, were both made prisoners at that defeat, but neither was executed.

Sir Nigel Bruce was the younger brother of Robert, to whom he committed the charge of his wife and daughter, Marjorie, and the defence of his strong castle of Kildrummie, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kildrummie long resisted the arms of the Karls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was treacherously burnt. The garrison was then compelled to surrender at discretion, and Nigel Bruce, a youth remarkable for personal beauty, as well as for gallantry, fell into the hands of the unrelenting Edward. He was tried by a special commission at Berwick, was condemned, and executed.

Christopher Seatoun shared the same unfortunate fate. He also was distinguished by personal valour, and signalized himself in the fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce adventured his person in that battle like a knight of romance. He dismounted Avmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In this emergence Seatoun came to his aid. and remounted him. Langtoft mentions, that in this battle the Scottish wore white surplices, or shirts, over their armour, that those of rank might not be known. In this manner both Bruce and Seatoun escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English. through means, according to Barbour, of one Mac-Nab, "a disciple of Judas." in whom the unfortunate knight reposed entire confidence. There was some peculiarity respecting his punishment; because, according to Matthew of Westminster, he was considered not as a Scottish subject, but as an Englishman. He was therefore taken to Dumfries, where he was tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of a soldier slain by him. His brother, John de Seton, had the same fate at Newcastle: both were considered as accomplices in the slaughter of Comyn, but in what manner they were particularly accessory to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Frazer, or Frizel, ancestor of the family of Lovat, is dwelt upon at great length, and with savage exultation, by the English historians. This knight, who was renowned for personal gallantry and high deeds of chivalry, was also made prisoner, after a gallant defence, in the battle of Methven. Some stansas of a ballad of the times, which, for the sake of rendering it intelligible, I have translated out of its rude orthography, give minute particulars of his fate. It was written immediately at the period, for it mentions the Earl of Athole as not yet in custody. It was first published by the indefatigable Mr. Ritson, but with so many contractions and peculiarities of character, as to render it illegible, except by antiquaries,

"This was before Saint Bartholomew's mass, That Frizel was y-taken, were it more other less, To Sir Thomas of Multon, gentil baron and free, And to Sir John Jose be-take the was he

To hand
He was y-fettered wele
Both with iron and steel
To bringen to Scotland.

"Soon after the tiding to the King come, He sent him to London, with mony armed groom, He came in at Newgate, I tell you on a-plight, A garland of leaves on his head y-dight

Of green,
For he should be y-know
Both of high and of low,
For the traitour I ween.

"Y. Fettered were his legs under his horse's wombe, Both with iron and with steel mancled were his hond, A garland of pervynkl set up his heved, s Much was the power that him was bereved, In land.

> So God me amend, Little he ween'd So to be brought in hand.

"This was upon our lady's even, forsooth I understand,
The justice sate for the knights of Scotland,
Sir Thomas of Multon, an kinde knycht and wise,
And Sir Ralph of Sandwich that mickle is told in price,
And Sir John Abel.

Moe I might tell by tale,
Both of great and of small
Ye know sooth well.

"Then said the justice, that gentil is and free, Sir Simond Frizel the king's traitor hast thou be; In water and in land that mony mighten see, What sayst thou thereto, how wilt thou quite thee, Do say,

So foul he him wist, Nede war or trust For to say nay,

1 Periwinkle.

9 Head.

"With fetters and with gins1 y-hot he was to-draw From the Tower of London that many men might know, In a kirtle of Burel, a selcouth wise,

And a garland on his head of the new guise.

Through Cheape
Many men of England
For to see Symond
Thitherward can leap.

"Though he came to the gallows first he was on hung, All quick beheaded that him thought long; Then he was y-opened, his bowels y-brend,s The heved to London-bridge was sent

To shende,
So evermore mote I the,
Some while weened he
Thus, little to stand.

"He rideth through the city, as I tell may, With gamen and with solace that was their play, To London-bridge he took his way, Mony was the wives child that thereon lacketh a day,4 And said, slas!

That he was y-born
And so vilely forlorn,
So fair man he was 5

"Now standeth the heved above the tu-brigge, Fast by Wallace sooth for to segge; After succour of Scotland long may he pry, And after help of France what halt it to lie,

I ween,
Better him were in Scotland,
With his axe in his hand.
To play on the green," &c.

The preceding stanzas contain probably as minute an account as can be found of the trial and execution of state criminals of the period. Superstition mingled its

1 He was condemned to be drawn.

8 Burned.

8 Meaning, at one time he little thought to stand thus.

4 viz. Saith Lack-a-day.

5 The gallant knight, like others in the same situation, was pitied by the female spectators as "a proper 30000g

horrors with those of a ferocious state policy, as appears from the following singular parrative.

"The Friday next, before the assumption of Our Lady, King Edward met Robert the Bruce at Saint Johnstoune, in Scotland, and with his company, of which company King Edward quelde seven thousand. When Robert the Bruce saw this mischief, and gan to flee, and hov'd him that men might not find him; but S. Simond Frisell pursued was so sore, so that he turned again and abode bataille, for he was a worthy knight and a holde of bodye, and the Englishmen pursuede him sore on every side, and quelde the steed that Sir Simond Frisell rode upon, and then toke him and led him to the host. And S. Symond began for to flatter and spoke fair, and saide. Lordys, I shall give you four thousand market of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my The snawered Thobaude of armoure and income. Pevenes, that was the kinges archers. Now, God me so helpe, it is for nought that thou speakest, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandment of King Edward. And the he was led to the King, and the King would not see him, but commanded to lead him away to his doom in London, on Our Lady's even nativity. And he was hung and drawn, and his head smitten off, and hauged again with chains of iron upon the gallows, and his head was set at London bridge upon a spear, and against Christmas the body was burnt, for encheson (reason) that the men that keeped the body saw many devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that them saw, anon thereafter died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had."-MS. Chronicle in the British Museum, quoted by Ritson.



WOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE XIV.

Was not the life of Athole shed To soothe the tyrant's sickened bed? St. XXVI, p. 54,

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken, sent to London, and executed, with circumstances of great barbarity, being first half strangled, then let down from the gallows while yet alive, burbarously dismembered, and his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to learn, that this was a mitigated punishment; for in respect that his mother was a grand-daughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point was forgiven," and he made the passage on horseback. Matthew of Westminster tell us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended. "Quo audito. Rex Anglia, etsi gravissimo morbo tune langueret, levius tamen tulit dolorem." To this singular expression the text alludes.

NOTE XV.

And must his word, at dying day,

Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay?

St. XXVI. p. 54.

This alludes to a passage in Barbour, singularly expressive of the vindictive spirit of Edward I. The prisoners taken at the castle of Kildrummie had surrendered upon condition that they should be at King Edward a

disposal. "But his will," says Barbour, "wae always evil towards Scottishmen." The news of the surrender of Kildrummie arrived when he was in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

> " And when he to the death was near. The folk that at Kyldromy wer Come with prisoners that they had tage. And avne to the king are gane. And for to comfort him they tauld How they the castell to them yauld; And how they till his will were brought. To do off that whatever he thought : And ask'd what men should off them do. Then look'd be angryly them to, He said, grinning, 'HANGS AND DRAWS.' That was wonder of sic saws. That he, that to the death was near. Should answer upon sic maner. Forouten mosning and mercy. How might he trust on him to erv. That sooth-fastly dooms all things To have mercy for his crying, Off him that, throw his felony, Into sic point had no mercy?"

There was much truth in the Leonine couplet, with which Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first Edward.

"Scotos Edwardus, dum vixit, suppeditavit, Tenuit, afflixit, depressit, dilaniavit."

NOTE XVI.

By Woden wild (my grandsire's oath.)
St. XXVII. p. 54.

The Mac-Leods, and most other distinguished Hebridean families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were late or imperfect converts to Obristianity. The family names of Torquil, Thormoud, &a., are all Norwegian.

NOTE XVII.

While I the blessed cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance,
In Palestine, with sword and lance.
St. XXIX, p. 57.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and seal, he rerequested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

NOTE XVIII.

De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread,

To speak my curse upon thy head.

St. XXXI, p. 58.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome. Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lamberton. Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the Scottish mountains with less effect than in more fertile countries. Probably the comparative poverty of the benefices occasioned that fewer foreign clergy settled in Scotland; and the interests of the native churchmen were linked with that of their country. Many of the Scottish prelates. Lambyrton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce, while he was yet u the ban of the church, although he afterwards a changed sides.

NOTE XIX.

I feel within mine aged breast

A power that will not be repressed.—

St. XXXI. p. 58

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and or recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to or the miserable places of shelter, in which he could ture to take some repose after his disasters, he stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned l self to his melancholy meditations. He had now ! defeated four times, and was upon the point of reing to abandon all hopes of further opposition to fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced, his while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the ertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, en vonred to swing himself from one beam to another a his head. Involuntarily he became interested in pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exert after failing six times; and it occurred to him that would decide his own course according to the succe failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the ir gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, perse ed and carried his own. Hence it has been held unh or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruc kill a spider.

The archdeacon of Aberdeen, instead of the abbe this tale, introduces an Irish Pythoness, who not predicted his good fortune as he left the island of R rin, but sent her two sons along with him, to ensure own family a share in it.



NOTES TO CANTO SECOND. Then in short time men might them see

Shoot all their galleys to the sea. And bear to sea both oar and steer. And other things that mistir! were. And as the king upon the sand Was ganging up and down bidands Till that his men ready were, His host come right till him there. And when that she him halsed had. And privy speech till him she made: And said, 'Take good keep till my saw, For or ve pass I will ve show. Of your fortune a great party. But our all specially A wittering here I shall you ma. What end that your purpose shall ta. For in this land is none trewly Wots things to come as well as I. Ye pass now forth on your voyage To avenge the harme, and the outrage. That Inglissmen has to you done: But you wot not what kind fortune Ye mon drey in your warring. But wyt ye well, without lying, That from ye now have taken land. None so mighty, no so strenthle of hand, Shall make you pass out of your country Till all to you abandoned be. Within short time ye shall be king, And have the land to your likeing, And overcome your foes all. But many anoyis thole ye shall, Or that your purpose end have tane: But ve shall them ourdrive ilkane. And, that ye trow this sekyrly, My two sons with you shall I Send to take part of your labour; For I wote well they shall not fail To be rewarded well at right. When you are hevit to your might." BARBOUR'S BRUCE, Book IV. p. 120, edited by J. Pinkerton, London, 1790.

NOTE XX.

A hunted wanderer on the wild, St. XXXII. p. 59.

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king."

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour
upon this subject, which may be shridged as follows:—

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was lying with a small party in the wilds of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with his inveterate foe John of Lorn, came against him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a sloughdog, or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a favourite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the trace.

Bruce, whose force was under four hundred men, continued to make head against the cavalry, till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat. Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-requited Mina is said to have done in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parts, appointed a place of rendezvous, and commanded them to retreatly different routes. But when John of Lorn arrived at the spot where they divided, he caused the hound to be put upon the trace, which immediately directed him to

the pursuit of that party which Bruce headed, This. therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the others. The king again subdivided his small body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. "The best I can," replied the fosterbrother. "Then." said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him : but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy, which in the whole work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his fosterbrother for his aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower: "but you yourself slew four of the five." -"True," said the king, "but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally unexpectedly upon my own opponents."

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce

was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the sloughhound came so near, that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that whosoever will wade a bowshot length down a running stream, shall make a slough-hound lose his scent.—Let us try the experiment, for were yon devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest."

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over which he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit.

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the bloodhound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow. In which way," adds the metrical biographer, "this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

"When the chasers rallied were,
And John of Lorn had met them there,
He told Sir Aymer all the case,
How that the king escaped was,
And how that he his five men slew,
And syne to the wood him drew;
When Sir Aymer heard thie, in haste,
He sained him for the wonder:
And said, 'He is greatly to prise;
For I know none that hiving is,
That at mischief can help him so;
I trow he should be hard to slay,
And he were bodyn evenly.'
On this wise spake Sir Aymery."

BARBOUR'S Bruce p. 188.

Matched.

The English historians agree with Barbour as to the mode in which the English pursued Bruce and his followers, and the dexterity with which he evaded them. The following is the testimony of Hardyng, a great enemy to the Scottish nation:

"The King Edward with host hym sought full sore, But saye he fled into woodes and strayte forest, And slew his men at staytes and dangers those, And at marreys and mires was ay full prest Englishmen to kyll without any rest:
In the mountaines and cragges he slew ay where, And in the nyght his foes he frayed full sore:
The King Edward with hornes and hoondes him sought, With men on fote, through marris, mosse, and myre, Through wodes also, and mountains (wher thei fought,) And cuer the Kyng Edward hight men great hyre, Hym for to take and by myght conquere; But thei might hym not gette by force ne by train, He satte by the tyre when thei were in the rain.

Haddyne's Chrosiole, p., 303, 4.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitles

De Roberto Brus et fuga circum circa fit.

"And well I understood that the King Robyn
Has drunken of that blood the drink of Dan Waryn,
Dan Waryn he les towns that he held,
With he made a res, and misberying of scheld.
Sithen into the forest he gede naked and wode,
Also a wild beast, eat of the grass that stood.
Thus Dan Waryn in his book men read,
God give the King Robyn, that all his kind so speed.
Sir Robynet the Brus he durat none abide,
That they made him restus, bath in moor and woodside.

To while he made histrain, and did um while outrage."

Peter Langtoff's Chronicle, vol. II. p. 336.

octavo. London. 1810.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

NOTE I.

For, glad of each pretext for spoil,

A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.

St. IV. p. 66.

A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily believed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Ronay. "At the north end of Rassay, be half myle of sea free it, laces ane ile callit Ronay, maire then a myle in lengthe, full of wood and heddir, with ane havein for heiland galeys in the middis of it, and the save havein is guid for fostering of theives, ruggairs, and reivairs, till a nail, upon the peilling and spulzeing of poor pepill. This ile perteins to M'Gillychallan of Rassay by force, and to the bishope of the iles be heritage."—SIR PONALD MUNRO'S Lieuription of the Western Islands of Scotland: Réinburgh, 1805, p. 22.

NOTE II.

"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,"
Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the orime,.
Since, guillier far than you,
Even I"——he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.
St. VII. p. 70.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

"Feasting he was, and had been in great need, Blooded were all his weapons and his weed; Southern lords scorned him in terms rude, And said, Behold yon Scot eats his own blood.

"Then rued he sore, for reason had he known, That blood and land alike should be his own: With them he long was, ere he got away, Bnt contrair Scots, he fought not from that day.

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron river, is equally appearyphal,

There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to England. He was the grandson of the competitor, with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Lord tables have all described, and in some degree anologized.

"His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition, and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward, and the vicegerent of Baliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent."—Annals of Scotland, p. 290, quarto, London, 1776.

NOTE III.

These are the savage wilds that lie North of Strathnardill and Dunskye.— St. XII p. 73.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Laind of Mac-Leod's country, which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Maccallister of Strath-Aird, called Strathnardill by the Dean of the Isles. The following account of it is extracted from a journal kept during a tour through the Scottish islands:—

"The western coast of Sky is highly romantic, and at the same time displays a richness of vegetation in the lower grounds to which we have hitherto been strangers. We passed three salt-water lochs, or deep embayments, called Loch Bracadale, Loch Finort, and Loch ———, and about 11 o'clock opened Loch Slavig. We were now under the western termination of the high ridge of mountains called Cuillen, or Quillen, or Coolin, whose weather-beaten and serrated peaks we had admired at a

distance from Dunyegan. They sunk here upon the sea. but with the same bold and peremotory aspect which their distant appearance indicated. They appeared to consist of precipitous sheets of naked rock, down which the torrents were leaping in a hundred lines of foam. The tops of the ridge, apparently insocessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacles. Towards the base of the bare and precipitous grags, the ground, enriched by the soil washed down from them, is comparatively verdant and productive. Where we passed within the small isle of Soa, we entered Loch Slavig, under the shoulder of one of these grisly mountains, and observed that the opposite side of the loch was of a milder character, the mountains being softened down into steep green declivities. From the bottom of the bay advanced a headland of high rocks, which divided its depth into two recesses, from each of which a brook issued. Here it had been intimated to us we would find some romantic scenery; but we were uncertain up which inlet to proceed in search of it. We chose, against our better judgment, the southerly dip of the bay, where we saw a house which might afford us information. found, upon enquiry, that there is a lake adjoining to each branch of the bay; and walked a couple of miles to see that near the farm house, merely because the honest highlander seemed jealous of the honour of his own lock. though we were speedily convinced it was not that which we were recommended to examine. It had no particular merit, excepting from its neighbourhood to a very high cliff, or precipitous mountain; otherwise the sheet of water had nothing differing from any ordinary lowcountry lake. We returned and re-embarked in our boat, for our guide shook his head at our proposal to climb over the peninsula, or rocky headland which divided the two lakes. In rowing round the headland, we were surprised at the infinite number of sea-fowl, then busy apparently with a shoal of fish,

"Arrived at the depth of the bay, we found that the discharge from this second lake forms a sort of waterfall. or rather a rapid stream, which rushes down to the sea with great fury and precipitation. Round this place were assembled hundreds of trouts and salmon, atraggling to get up into the fresh water : with a net we might have had twenty salmon at a haul; and a sailor with no better book than a grooked pin, caught a dish of troots during our absence. Advancing up this huddling and riotous brook, we found ourselves in a most extraordinary scene; we lost sight of the sea almost immediately after we had climbed over a low ridge of crags, and were surrounded by mountains of naked rock, of the boldest and most precipitous character. The ground on which we walked was the margin of a lake, which seemed to have sustained the constant ravage of torrents from these rude neighbours. The shores consisted of huge strata of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs and heaps of gravel and sand piled in the empty water-courses. Vegetation there was little or none : and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water edge, that Borrowdale, or even Glencoe, is a jest to them. We proceeded a mile and a half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, which was about two miles long, half a mile broad, and is, as we learned, of extreme denth, The murky vapours which enveloped the mountain ridges, obliged us by assuming a thousand varied shapes. changing their drapery into all sorts of forms, and sometimes clearing off altogether. It is true, the mist made us pay the penalty by some heavy and downright showers, from the frequency of which a Highland boy. whom we brought from the farm, told us the lake was popularly called the Water-kettle. The proper name is Loch Corriskin, from the deep corrie, or hollow, in the mountains of Cuillin, which affords the basin for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as exquisite a savage

scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic beauty. After having penetrated so far as distinctly to observe the termination of the lake under an immense precipice, which rises abruptly from the water, we returned, and often stopped to admire the ravages which storms have made in these recesses, where all human witnesses were driven to places of more shelter and security. or rather large masses and fragments of rocks of a composite kind perfectly different from the strata of the lake, were scattered upon the bare rocky beach, in the strangest and most precarious situations, as if abandoned by the torrents which had borne them down from above. Some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges of the natural rock, with so little security, that the slightest push moved them, though their weight might exceed many tons. These detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what are called plum-pudding stones. The bare rocks, which formed the shore of the lakes, were a species of granite. The opposite side of the lake seemed quite pathless and inaccessible, as a huge mountain. one of the detached ridges of the Cuillin hills, sinks in a profound and perpendicular precipice down to the water. On the left-hand side, which we traversed, rose an higher and equally inaccessible mountain, the top of which strongly resembled the shivered crater of an exhausted volcano. I never saw a spot in which there was less appearance of vegetation of any kind. rested on nothing but barren and naked crags, and the rocks on which we walked by the side of the loch, were as bare as the pavements of Cheapside. There are one or two small islets in the loch, which seem to bear juniper, or some such low bushy shrub. Upon the whole, though I have seen many scenes of more extensive desolation. I never witnessed any in which it pressed more deeply upon the eye and the heart than at Lock Corriakin; at the same time that its grandour elevated and

NOTE IV.

If on were they all of evil mien,

Down-looked, unwilling to be seen,

St. XIX. p. 80.

The story of Bruce's meeting the banditti is copied, with such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary, from a striking incident in the monarch's history, told by Barbour, and which I will give in the words of the hero's biography, only modernizing the orthography. It is the sequel to the adventure of the bloodhound, narrated in Note XIX. upon Canto II. It will be remembered that the narrative broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers, but worn out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his foster-brother.

And the good king held forth his way, Betwixt him and his man, while they Passed out through the forest were: Syne in the moor they entered there, It was both high, and long, and broad; And or they half it passed had, They saw on side three men coming. Like to light men, and wavering, Swords they had, and axes also: And one of them upon his hals: A mekill bounden weather bore. They met the king, and halseds him there. And the king them their haulsing yauld :3 And asked whether they would? They said Robert the Bruce they sought; For meet with him giff that they might, Their duelling with him would they ma'.4 The king said, "Giff that ye will see, Hold furth your way with me,

1 Nock. 2 Suluted. 3 Returned their salute.



NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

And I shall make you soon him see." They perceived, by his speaking, That he was the self-same Robert King. And changed countenance, and late:1 And held pought in the first state. For they were foes to the king. And thought to come into skulking: And dwell with him, while that they saw Their point, and bring him thereof daw. They granted till his speech forthy.8 But the king, that was witty... Perceived well, by their having, That they loved him nothing, And said, "Fellows, you must all three. Further acquaint till that we be. All be your selven furth go. And on the same wish we two Shall follow behind, well near." Quoth they, "Sir, it is no misters To trow in us any ill." "None do I," said he; "but I will That ye go forth thus, while we Better with other knowen be." "We grant," they said, "since we will so." And forth upon their gate can go. Thus went they till the night was near, And then the foremost coming were Till a waste husband-house:5 and there They slew the weather that they bear, And struck fire to roast their meat; And asked the king if he would eat. And rest him till the meat was dight : The king, that hungry was, I hight, Assented to their speech in hy. But he said he would anerly At a fire, and they all three On no wise with them together be. In the end of the house they should may Another fire; and they did sus. They drew them in the house end, And half the weather till him send. And they roasted in haste their meat, And fell right freshly for to est.

1 Gesture or manner. 2 Kill him.
2 Therefore. 4 There is no need.
5 Husbandman's house, cottage. 6 Alone.

For the king well long fasted had: And had right much travel made: Therefore he eat full eagerly. And when he had eaten hastily, He had to sleep so mekill will. That he might set no let theretill. For when the wamest filled are. Men worthyss heavy evermore; And to sleep draws heavyness. The king, that all for-travelleds was, Saw that him worthyt sleep need was: Till his fostyr-brother he says, "May I trust in thee me to awake. Till I a little sleeping take?" ."Ya, sir," he said, "till I may dree."4
The king then winked a little way, And sleeped not full entirely: And glanced up oft suddenly. For he had a dread of these three men. That at the t'other fire were then, That they his foes were he wyst; Therefore he sleeped, as fowll on twist. The king sleeped but a little than, When sic eleep fell on his man, That he might not hold up his eye. But fell in sleep and routed high. Now is the king in great perille: For sleep be so a little while. He shall be dead, forouten dreid, For the three traitors took good heed, That he on sleep was, and his man, In full great haste they raise up than, And drew their swords hastily And went towards the king in hy. When that they saw him sleep sua, And sleeping thought they would him slay. The king upblinked hastily And saw his man sleeping him by, And saw coming the t'other three. Quickly on foot got he; And drew his sword out, and them met. And as he went his foot he set Upon his man well heavily. He awakened, and rose dizzely.

Bellies.
 Becomes.
 Fatigued.
 Endure.
 Bird on bough.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

For the sleep mastered him so, That or he got up, one of tho That came for to slay the king, Gave him a stroke in his rising. So that he might help him no more. The king so straitly stad; was there, That he was never yet so stad. No were the armings that he had, He had been dead, foronten mair. But not forthys on such manner He belped him, in that bargain, 4 That the three traitors he has slain, Through God's grace, and his manhood. His foster-brother there was dead. Then was he wondre will off way nes When he saw him left alone. His fostyre-brother lamented he, And waryets all the t'other three. And syne his way took him alone, And right towards his tryst7 is gone. THE BRUCE, Book VIII., Une 105.

Note V.

And mermaid's alabaster grot, Who bathes her limbs in sunless well, Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell. St. XXVIII. p. 117.

Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq. of Strathaird. It has since been much and leservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. eneral impression may perhaps be gathered from the

Had it not been for the armour be wore. a Nevertheless. he bii shplace of rendezyous addicted.

following extract from a journal already quoted, which. written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received .- "The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising: but the light of the torches with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough with frostwork and rustic ornaments, and partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water, which, while it rushed whitening and foaming down a declivity. had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool, of the most limpid water, about four or five vards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of a white spar, with beautiful chasing upon the sides. which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors awam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Maccalister's cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings, in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a naiad. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and fanciful. statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites. There is scarce a form or group on which active fancy may not



NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

e figures or grotesque ornaments, which have been lually moulded in this cavern by the dropping of the areous water hardening into petrifactions. Many uses fine groups have been injured by the senseless , of appropriation of recent tourists; and the grotto lost, (I am informed), through the smoke of torches, ething of that vivid silver tint which was originally one s chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to pensate for all that may be lost,"—Mr. Mac-Allister traithaird has, with great propriety, built up the vior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers renter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any etition of the wanton and selfsh injury which this pular scene has already sustained.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

NOTE I.

Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs, Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs My joy o'er Edward's bier.

St. IV. p. 100.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might I will only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, Sir Ingram Bell. the English governor of Ayr, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce, to undertake the task of assassinating him. The King learned this treachery, as he is said to have done other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had made an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information, Bruce, resorting to a thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce. taking his page's bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he. after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow; and being assaulted successively by the two sons, despatched first one, who was armed with an axe, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and cleft the skull of the assassin with a blow of his two-handed sword.

"He rushed down of blood all red,
And when the king saw they were dead,
All three lying, he wiped his brand.
With that his boy came fast running,
And said, 'Our lord might lowyi! be,
That granteth you might and powestes
To fell the felony and the pride,
Of three in so little tide,'
The king said. 'So our Lord me see,
They had been worthy men all three,
Had they not been full of treason;
But that made their confusion.'"

BARBOUE'S BRUCK, Book Y, p. 153.

NOTE IL.

Such hate was his on Solway's strand, When vengeunce clench'd his palsied hand, That pointed yet to Scotland's land. St. IV. p. 100.

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favourite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his inveterate resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted. After the battles of Falkirk and Methven, and the dreadful examples which he had made of Wallace and other champions of national independence, he probably concluded every chance of insurrec-

1 Lauded. 8 Power.

tion was completely annihilated. This was in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled from Scotland: vet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward, though exhausted by a long and wasting malady, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utter-This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of chivalry. upon the day in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there. 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the detested and devoted country of Scotland. His dving injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Gaveston. Edward II, disobeyed both charges. Yet, more to mark his animosity, the dving monarch ordered his bones to be carried with the invading army. Froissart, who probably had the authority of eve-witnesses, has given the following account of this remarkable charge :-

"In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd kepe hymselfe, whan Kyng Edward the Fyrst conquered nygh all Scotland; for he was often chased, that none durst loge him in castell, nor fortresse, for fear of the said Kyng.

"And ever whan the King was returned into Ingland, than he would gather together agayn his people, and conquere townes, castells, and fortresses, iuste to Berwick, some by battle, and some by fair speech and love: and when the said King Edward heard thereof, than would he assemble his power, and wyn the realme of Scotland again; thus the chance went between these two aforesaid Kings. It was shewed me, how that this King Robert wan and lost his realme v. times. So this continued till the said King Edward died at Berwick: and when he

saw that he should die, he called before him his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all his barons, he caused him to swear, that as soon as he was dead, that he should take his body, and boyle it in a cauldron, till the flesh departed clean from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scotts should rebell sgainst him, he should assemble the people against them, and carry with him the bones of his father; for he believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the Scotts should never stain any victory against them. The which thing was not accomplished, for when the king died his son carried him to London."—BRENERS' FROISSART'S Chronicle, London. 1812. pp. 39, 40.

Edward's commands were net obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription:—

"EDWARDUS PRIMUS SCOTORUM MALLEUS HIG EST. PACTUM SERVA."

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exquisitely embalmed, as was ascertained when his tomb was opened some years ago. Edward II. judged wisely in not carrying the dead body of his father into Scotland, since he would not obey his living counsels.

It ought to be observed, that though the order of the incidents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some successes of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

NOTE III.

—— Canna's tower, that, steep and grcy, Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay, St. VIII. p. 137.

The little Island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muick, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and alender rook detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here it is said one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

NOTE IV.

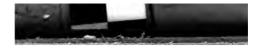
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent The hunters to the shore.

St. IX, p. 106.

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and mountainous island, adjacent to those of Rigg and Canuay. There is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the Archdean of the Isles.

"Ronin, sixteen myle north-wast from the iale of Coll.

Ives one isle callit Ronin Ile, of sixteen myle long, and



NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

in breadthe in the narrowest, ane forest of heigh intains, and abundance of little deire in it, qubilk: will never be slane dounewith, but the principal tis man be in the height of the hill, because the deir be callit upwart ay be the tynchell they will pass vart perforce. In this ile will be gotten about Bribals many wild nests upon the plane mure as men usis to gadder, and yet by resson the fowls hes few tart them except deir. This ile lyes from the weathe eist in lenth, and pertains to M'Kensbrey of Colla. by solan geese are in this ile."—Monro's Descriptof the Western Letes, p. 18,

NOTE V.

On Scooreigg next a warning light Summon'd her warriors to the fight; A numerous race, ere stern Macleod O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.— St. IX. p. 106.

hese, and the following lines of the stanza, refer to readful tale of feudal vengeance, of which unfortuely there are relies that still attest the truth. Scoorg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of g, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as afling many interesting specimens, and to others whom noe or curiosity may lead to the island, for the asishing view of the mainland and neighbouring isles, that commands. I shall again avail myself of the rual I have quoted.

28th August, 1814.—At seven this morning we were he Sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of 3. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversby a remarkably high and barren ridge, called Scoores, has, in point of soil, a much more promising ap-

pearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Muich. or Muck, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We manned the boat, and rowed along the shore of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been the memorable scene of a horrid fendal vengeance. We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave, which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. deed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there is no outward indication more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one could hardly creep on his knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within, and runs into the howels of the rock to the depth of 255 measured feet: the height of the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 200 in number, who were slain on the following occasion :- The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ronald, had done some injury to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears. more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seised by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men as rendered resis-The natives, fearing his vengeance, tance hopeless. concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-Leods went on board their gallies, after



NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ronald's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieft ain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have been prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern. and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relies. brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded. Before re-embarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. The height and width of the opening gives ample light to the whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated. the priest of Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge hedge of rocks rising about half-way up one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of Salvator."

NOTE VI.

——The group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
St. X. p. 107.

It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a wonder so often described, and vet so incapable of being understood by description. This palace of Neptune is even grander upon a second than the first view: the stupendous columns which form the sides of the cave. the depth and atrength of the tide which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extremity of the vault-the variety of tints formed by white, crimson, and vellow stalactites, or petrifactions, which occupy the vacancies between the base of the broken pillars which form the the roof, and intersect them with a rich, curious, and variegated chasing, occupying each interstice-the corresponding variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or violet-coloured rock, from which, as from a base, the basaltic columns arise—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault,-are circumstances elsewhere unnaralleled.

Nothing can be more interesting than the varied appearance of the little archipelago of islets, of which Staffs is the most remarkable. This group, called in Gaelic Tresharnish, affords a thousand varied views to the voyager, as they appear in different positions with reference to his course. The variety of their shape contributes much to the beauty of these effects.

NOTE VII.

Scenes sung by him who sings no more! St. XI. p. 109.

The ballad, entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin," was composed by John Layden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced these studies, he died a martyr to his seal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces near Batavia, in Sontember, 1811.

NOTE VIII.

Up Tarbat's western lake they bore, Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er. St. XII. p. 119.

The peninsula of Cantire is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and castern Lochs of Tarbat. These two salt-water lakes, or bays, enroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

"It is not long," says Pennant, "since vessels of nine or ten tons were drawn by horses out of the west loch into that of the east, to avoid the dangers of the Mull of Cautyre, so dreaded and so little known was the navigation round that promontory. It is the opinion of many, that these little inthunces, so frequently wyled.

Tarbat in North Britain, took their name from the above circumstance; Tarruing signifying to draw, and Bata, a boat. This too, might be called, by way of preminence, the Tarbat, from a very singular circumstance related by Torfœus. When Magnus, the barefooted king of Norway, obtained from Donald-bane of Scotland the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could be surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantyre by this fraud: he placed himself in the stern of a boat, held the rudder, was drawn over this narrow track, and by this species of mavigation wrested the country from his brother monarch."—Penfant's Scotland: London, 1790, p. 190.

But that Bruce also made his passage, although at a period two or three years later than in the poem, appears from the evidence of Barbour, who mentions also the effect produced upon the minds of the Highlanders, from the prophecies current among them;

> "But to King Robert will we gang. That we have left unspoken of lang. When he had convoyed to the sea His brother Edward, and his menvie. And other men of good noblay, To Turbert they held their way, In galleys ordained for their fare, But them worth! draw their ships there. And a mile was betwixt the seas, And that was lompnyte all with trees. The king his ships their girts draw. And for the wind couths stoutly blaw Upon their back, as they could ga, He gert men rops and maststa, And set them in the ships high, And sails to the tops tye: And gert men gang, thereby drawing, The winds them helped that was blowing, So that, in little space. Their fleet all over drawn was.

1 Were obliged to. 2 Supposed entangled. 3 Caused. 4 Could.

And when they that in the isles were. Heard tell how the king had there. Garti his ships with sails go Out over betwixt Tarbat two. They were abaysits so utterly, For they wist, through old prophesy, That he should gars his ships so Betwixt the seas with sails go, Should win the isles so till hand, That none with strength should him withstand. Therefore they come all to the king: Was none withstood his bidding. Owtakyn4 Johne of Lorne alane. But well soon after was he taen: And present right to the king. And they there were of his leading. That till the king had broken fa.5 Were all dead and destroyed away." BARBOUR'S BRUCE, vol. III. Book XV. pp. 14, 15.

NOTE IX.

The sun, ere yet he sunk behind Ben-ghoil, "The Mountain of the wind," Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind, And bade Loch-Ranza smile.

St. XXVII. p. 110.

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant:—

"The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathom of water even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a lit-

1 Caused. 2 Confounded. 8 Make.
4 Escaped. 5 Faith.

tle plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Griann-Athole soar above."—PREMANT'S Tour to the Western Isles. p. 191-2.

Ben Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English and less poetical name of Gostfield.

NOTE X.

Each to Lock Ranza's margin spring;
That blust was winded by the Ki ·g!
St. XVIII. p. 116.

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognized by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting.—The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats.—He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance." The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately set forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the woman to conduct him to the wood. She obeyed.

"The king then blew his horn on high; And girt his men that were him by, Hold them still, and all privy; And syne again his horne blew he, James of Dowglas heard him blow, And at the last alone gan know.

And said, 'Soothly von is the king: I know long while since his blowing. The third time therewithall he blew. And then Sir Robert Boid it knew: And said. 'You is the king, but dread, Go we forth till him, better speed,' Then went they till the king in hye. And him inclined courteously. And blithly welcomed them the king, And was joyful of their meeting, And kissed them; and speared; syne How they had fared in hunting? And they him told all, but lesing:2 Syne laud they God of their meeting Syne with the king till his harbourye Went both joyfu' and jolly." BARBOUR'S Bruce, Book V. p. 115, 116.

NOTE XI.

—— his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while askamed,
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
And dash'd away the teur he scorn'd.

St. XX. p. 119,

The kind, and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, in the account of his behaviour after the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the very few Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so dearly beloved by Edward, that he wished the victory had been lost, so Ross had lived.

> "Out-taken him, has not seen Where he for any men made mosning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Ross's sister, par amours, to the neglect of his own lady, sister to

1 Asked. 2 Without lying.

David de Straithbogie, Earl of Athole. The criminal passion had evil consequence; for, in resentment of the affront done to his sister, Athole attacked the guard which Bruce had left at Cambuskenneth, during the battle of Bannockburn, to protect his magasine of provisions, and slew Sir William Keith, the commander. For which treason he was forfeited.

In like manner, when in a sally from Carrickfergus, Neil Fleming, and the guards whom he commanded, had fallen, after the protracted resistance which saved the rest of Edward Bruce's army, he made such moan as surprised his followers:

"Sic moan he made men had ferly,1
For he was not customably
Wont for to moan men any thing,
Nor would not hear men make moaning."

Such are the nice traits of character often lost in general history.

NOTE XII.

Thou heard'st a wretched female plain, In agony of travail-pain, And thou didst bid thy little band Upon the instant turn and stand. St. XXVII. p. 164.

This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and natural traits recorded by Barbour. It occurred during the expedition which Bruce made to Ireland, to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the throne of that kingdom. Bruce was about to retreat, and his host was arrayed for moving.

rahm'W 1



NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

"The king has heard a woman cry. He asked what that was in hv.1 'It is the layndar, sir,' sai ane, 'That her child-ill's right now has ta'en : And must now leave behind us here. Therefore she makes an evil cheer.'4 The king said, ' Certes, s it were pity That she in that point left should be, For certes I trow there is no man That he no will ruce a woman than." His hosts all there arrested he. And gerty a tent soon stintits be, And gert her gang in hastily, And other women to be her by While she was delivered he bade : And syne forth on his ways rade, And now she forth should carried be. Or he forth fure, ordained he. This was a full great courtesy, That swilk a king and so mighty. Gert his men dwell on this manner. But for a poor lavender."

BARBOUR'S Bruce, Book XVI. pp. 39, 40.

1 Haste, 2 Laundress, 3 Child-hed. 5 Certainty. 6 Pitv. 7 Caused. 4 Btop. 8 Pitched. 9 Moved.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTUL

NOTE I.

O'er chasms he pass'd where fractures wide Crav'd wary eye and ample stride.

St. VI. p. 138.

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful Highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machrai, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a position equally ludierous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

NOTE II.

He crossed his brow beside the stone,
Where Druids erst heard victims groun,
And at the cairns upon the wild,
O'er many a heathen hero piled.
St. VI. p. 138.

The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglesea. abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition. There are high erect columns of unhewn stone, the most early of all monuments, the circles of rude stone, commonly entitled Druidical, and the cairns, or sepulchral piles, within which are usually found urns enclosing ashes. Much doubt necessarily rests upon the history of such monuments, nor is it possible to consider them as exclusively Celtic, or Druidical. By much the finest circles of standing stones, excepting Stonehenge, are those of Stenhouse, at Stennis, in the island of Pomona, the principal isle of the Orcades. These of course, are neither Celtic nor Druidical; and we are assured that many circles of the kind occur both in Sweden and Norway.

NOTE III.

. Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen.
From Hastings, late their English lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword.
St. VI. p. 139.

Brodick or Brathwick Casle, in the isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable barboox.

closed in by the island of Lamlash. This important place had been assailed a short time before Bruce's arrival in the island. James Lord Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Rachrine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of his shode there, and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him: and his knowledge of the localities of Arran appears to have directed his course thither. They landed in the island privately, and appear to have laid an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodwick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called Tor an Schiun. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition save, that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal fire on Turnberry-nook.

The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

NOTE IV.

Off, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
A language much unmeet he hears.
St. VII. p. 110.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profune swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotlaud, was roying about the

mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farm-house say "the devil." Concluding from this hardy expression that the house contained warlike hosts, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most sealous adherents.

NOTE V.

For see! the ruddy signal made, That Clifford, with his merry men all, Guards carelessly our father's hall.

St. IX. p. 142.

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the narrative of Barbour. The introduction is a favourable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model of that of Gawain Douglas:—

"This was in ver, I when winter tide, With his blasts hideous to bide, Was overdriven; and birds small, As turtle and the nightingale, Begouth's ryoht sariely to syng; And for to mak in thair singyng Sweet notes, and sounds ser, 4 And melodies pleasant to hear.

1 Spring. ² Began. a Loftily. Several.

And trees began to mal Burgeans, and bright blooms alsua, To win the helvings of their head. That wicked winter had them revid.4 And all grasses began to spring, Into that time the noble king, With his fleet, and a few mengye, Three hundred I trow they might be, Is to the sea, out of Arane, A little forouths even gone. They rowed fast, with all their might. Till that upon them fell the night, That wax myrky upon great maner. So that they wist not where they were, For they no needle had, no stone ; But vowed always intil one, Steering all time upon the fire. That they saw burning light and schyr.s It was but auenture then led: And they in short time so them sped. That at the fire arrived they, And went to land but more delay. And Cuthbert, that has seen the fire. Was full of anger and of ire; For he durst not do it away; And was also doubting ave That his lord should pass to sea, Therefore their coming waited he: And met them at their ariving. He was well soon brought to the king. That speared at him how he had done. And he with sore heart told him soon. How that he found none well loving. But all were foes, that he found. And that the Lord the Persy, With near three hundred in company, Was in the castle there beside. Fullfiled of despite and pride. But more than two parts of his rout Were harboured in the town without: And despite you more, sir king, Than man may despite ony thing.

1 Make. 8 Buds, 8 Covering
4 Bereaved, 5 Men. 8 Befor
7 Dark, 8 Clear. 8 Adver



NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

Than said the king, in full great ire, 'Traitor, why made you the fire P' 'Ah! Sir.' said he, 'so God me see! The fire was never made by me. No. or the night, I wist it not: But fra I wist it, well I thought That ve. and wholly your mensie In hyl should put you to the sea. Forth I come to meet you here. To tell perils that may appear.' The king was of his speech angry. And asked his prive men, in hy, What at them thought was best to do. Sir Edward first answered thereto. His brother that was so hardy. And said: "I say you schyrly There shall no peril that may be. Drive me eftsoons to the sea. Mine adventure here take will I. Whether it be easeful or angry. 'Brother.' he said, 'since you will sus, It is good that we same ta. Disease or ese, or pain or play. After as will us purvays And since men say that the Persy Mine heritage will occupy: And his menvie so near us lies, That us despites us many ways; Go we and venget some of the dispite. And that many we have done as tite;5 For they lie traistly, but dreading And though we sleeping slew them all, Reproof thereof no man shall. For warrior no force should ma. Whether he might ourcome his fa Through strength or through subtility: But that good faith ay holden be."

1 Haste.

s Soon after.
5 Quickly.

s Prepare.

NOTE VI.

Now ask you whence that wondrous light, Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?— It no'er was known.—

St. XVII. p. 150.

The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighbourhood. only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him It is still generally reported. from the Isles of Arran. and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick castle; and some go on so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called the Bogles' Brae, beyond In support of this curious the remembrance of man. belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown: that a spunkie (Jack o'lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the forth of Clyde, between Avrshire and Arran: and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."-Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an ingenious Collection of Poems, illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire : Edinburgh, 1814.



NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

NOTE VIL

They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain Left for the Castle's silvan reign. St. XIX. p. 152.

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Hailes mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the mode in which he became proprietor of it:-" Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I. (11th July, 1274.) The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domains, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates. She afterwards atoned by a fine for her feudal delinguency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise."-Annals of Scotland, vol. ii, p. 180.

The same obliging correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the ruins of Turnberry:—"Turnberry Point is a rock projecting into the sea; the top of it is about eighteen feet above high water mark. Upon this rock was built the castle. There is about twenty-five feet high of the wall next to the sea yet standing. Upon the land-side the wall is only about four feet high; the length has been sixty feet, and the breath forty-five; it was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now next.

ly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea. There is not much local tradition in the vicinity connected with Bruce or his history. In front, however, of the rock, upon which stands Culzean Castle, is the mouth of a romanitic cavern, called the Cave of Colean, in which it is said Bruce and his followers concealed themselves immediately after landing, till they arranged matters for their farther enterprises. Burns mentions it in the poem of Halloween. The only place to the south of Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's history, is the Weary Nuik, a little romantic green hill, where he and his party are said to have rested, after assaulting the castle."

Around the Castle of Turnberry was a level plain of about two miles long in extent, forming the castle park. There could be nothing, I sm informed, more beautiful than the copsewood and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare,

NOTE VIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall! St. XXXIII. p. 163.

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurrate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after

alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered within the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary fullowers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known, that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scorbutic disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Ease. The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train: -"After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every week-day, and twice in holy-days, for the recovery of the king: and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused houses to be built round the well of King's Ease, for eight lepers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and 281. Scotch money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid upon the lands of Fullarton, and are now payable by the Duke of Portland. The farm of Shiels, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the leners' beds, and so much to thatch their houses aunually. Each leprous person had a drinking-horn provided him by the king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which it was first granted. One of those identical horns, of very curious workmanship, was in the possession of the late Colonel Fullarton of that ilk."

My correspondent proceeds to mertion some curious

remnants of antiquity respecting this foundation. " In compliment to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his country, King Robert Bruce invested the descendants of that hero with the right of placing all the lepers upon the establishment of King's Ease. The patronage continued in the family of Craigie, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir Thomas Wallace. The burgh of Avr then purchased the right of applying the donations of King's Ease to the support of the poorhouse of Avr. The lepers' charter-stone was a basaltic block, exactly the shape of a sheep's kiduey, and weighing an Avrshire boll of meal. The surface of this stone being as smooth as glass, there was not any other way of lifting it than by turning the hollow to the ground. there extending the arms along each side of the stone. and clasping the hands in the cavity. Young lads were always considered as deserving to be ranked among men. when they could lift the blue stone of King's Ease. It always lay beside the well, till a few years ago, when some English dragoons encamped at that place wantonly broke it, since which the fragments have been kept by the freemen of Prestwick in a place of security. is one of these charter-stones at the village of Old Daily, in Carrick, which has become more celebrated by the following event, which happened only a very few years ago:-The village of New Daily being now larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the new, but the people of Old Daily were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made on each side without effect. till at last, man, woman, and child, of both villages, marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commencement of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Daily now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the



blue-stone unmolested. Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against one of the above description, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt, nor can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written documents became general in Scotland, is, I think, exceedingly probable. The charterstone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market-place of that It is called by the inhabitants of that district Clach na Couddin. I think it is very likely that Carey has mentioned this stone in his poem of Craig Phaderick. This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that work. While the famous marble chair was allowed to remain at Scoon, it was considered as the charterstone of the kingdom of Scotland."

NOTE IX.

"Bring here," he said, "the masters four, My noble fathers loved of yore."— St. XXXIV. p. 168.

These masers were large drinking-cups, or goblets. Mention of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jewels of James III., which will be published, with other curious documents of antiquity, by my friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson, D. Register of Scotland, under the title of "A Collection of Inventories and other Records of the Boyal Wardrobe, Jewel-House," &c. I copy the passage, in which mention is made of the masers, and also of a habiliment, called "King Robert Bruce's serk," i.e. shirt, meaning, perhaps, his shirt of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the in-

ventory. It might have been a relic of more sacntified description, a penance shirt perhaps.

Extract from "Inventure of ane Parte of the Gold and Silver conyeit and unconyeit, Jowellis, and uther Stuff preteining to Uniquhile ours Soverane Lords Fader, that he had in Depois the Tyme of his Deceis, and that come to the Handis of ours Soverane Lord that now is, M.OCOLIXXXVIII."

Memorandum fundin in a bandit kist like a gardeviant, in the fyrst the grete chenyes of gold, contenand sevin score sex linkis.

Item, thre platis of silver.

Item, tuelf salfatis.3

Item, fyftene discheist ouregilt.

Item, a grete gilte plate.

Item, twa grete bassingiss our gilt,

Item, FOUR MASARIS, CALLED KING ROBERT THE BRO-CIS. with a cover.

Item, a grete cok maid of silver.

Item, the hede of silver of ane of the coveris of masar.

Item, a fair dialle.

Item, twa kasis of knyffis.7

Item, a pare of auld kniffis.

Item, takin be the smyth that opinnit the lokkis, in gold fourty demyis.

Item, in Inglys grotiss - - - - - xxiii li.. and the said silver given again to the takaris of hym.

Item, ressavit in the cloissat of Davidis tour, ane haly water-fat of silver, twa boxis, a cageat tume, a glas with rois-water, a dosoune of torchis, King ROBERT BRUGIS SERK.**

1 Gard-vin, or wine-cooler. 2 Chain, 3 Salt-cellars, anciently the object of much curious workmanship.

4 Dishes. 5 Basins. 6 Dial. 7 Cases of knives. 8 English groats.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

The real use of the antiquarian's studies, is to bring the minute information which he collects to bear upon points of history. For example, in the inventory I have just quoted, there is given the contents of the black kist, or chest, belonging to James III., which was his strong box, and contained a quantity of treasure, in money and iewels, surpassing what might have been at the period expected of " poor Scotland's gear." This illustrates and anthenticates a striking passage in the history of the house of Douglas, by Hume of Godscroft. Earl of Douglas (of the elder branch) had been reduced to monastic seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores, by James III. James III., in his distresses, would willingly have recalled him to public life, and made him his lieutenant. "But he," says Godscroft, "laden with years and old age, and weary of troubles, refused, saying, Sir, you have keept mee, and your black coffer in Sterling, too long, neither of us can doe you any good: I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my followers and dependers are fallen from me, betaking themselves to other masters: and your black trunk is too farre from von, and your enemies are between you and it: or (as others say) because there was in it a sort of black coyne. that the king had caused to be coyned by the advice of his courtiers; which moneyes (saith he) sir. if you had put out at the first, the people would have taken it: and if you had employed mee in due time I might have done But now there is none that will take novou service. tice of me, nor meddle with your money."-HUME'S History of the House of Douglas, fol. Edin. 1644, p. 206.

NOTE X.

Arouse old friends, and gather new. 8t. XXXIV. p. 167,

As soon as it was known in Kyle, says ancient tradition, that Robert Bruce had landed in Carriok, with the intention of recovering the crown of Scotland, the Leird of Craigie, and forty-eight men of his immediate neighbourhood declared in favour of their legitimate prince. Bruce granted them a tract of land, still retained by the freemen of Newton to this dry. The original charter was lost when the pestilence was raging at Ayr; but it was renewed by one of the Jameses, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, whilst provost in Ayr, to be officer in Newton, both of which he diecharged at the same time.

NOTE XI.

Let Effick's archers sharp their darts, The fairest forms, the truest hearts. St. XXXIV. p. 167.

The forest of Selkirk, or Ettrick, at this period, occupied all the district which retains that denomination, and embraced the neighbouring dales of Tweeddale, and at least the Upper Ward of Clydesdale. All that tract was probably as waste as it is mountainous, and covered with the remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which is supposed to have stretched from Cheviot Hills as far as Hamilton, and to have comprehended even a

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

part of Ayrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart, of Bonkill, brother to the Steward of Scotland, commanded the archers of Selkirk Forest, who fell around the dead body of their leader. The English historians have commemorated the tall and stately persons, as well as the unswerving faith of these foresters. Nor has their interesting fall escaped the notice of an elegant modern poetess, whose subject led her to treat of that calamitous engagement.

"The glance of the morn had sparkled bright
On their plumage green and their actons light;
The bugle was strung at each hunter's side,
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
But the bugle is mute, and the shafts are spent,
The arm unnerved and the bow unbent,
Asd the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering greenwood shade!
Sore have they toil'd—they are fallen asleep,
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!
When over their bones the grass shall wave,
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,
M-mory shall lean on their graves and tell
Ilow Selkirk's hunters bold around old Stewart fell!"

WALLACE or the Fight of Falkirk:--Lond. quarto, 1809 pp. 170, 1.

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

NOTE L.

When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale, St. I. p. 172.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after lauding at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudonbill, in the west of Scotland. broke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Mowbray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorions, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

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NOTE II.

When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale. St. I. p. 172.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer-casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the Douglas's Larder. more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft. "By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of greatjeopardie to keep this castle, which began to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas; whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady. she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it. and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them

with grass, as though it had been corn, which they car ried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed.) But ere he could reach these carriers. Sir James with his company had gotten between the castle and him: and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following them, did quickly cast off their sacks. mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed. as it was unlooked for: wherefore when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies: hetween which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as is reported) his mistress's letter about him."-HUME'S History of the House of Douglas, fol. pp. 29, 30.

NOTE III.

And flery Edward routed stout St. John. St. I. p. 172.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to schieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry and meaner sort of the army, to introuch themselves in



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strong narrow ground. He himself with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—DALEXMPLE'S Annals of Scotland, quarto, Edinburgh, 1759, p. 25.

NOTE IV.

When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale. St. I, p. 172.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methyen, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph, accordingly, not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce, appeared in arms against him, and in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

NOTE V.

8t. IV. p. 174.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of all Scotland. Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered the reckless Edward: "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle: and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

NOTE VI.

To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege.
St. IV. p. 1745.

There is printed in Rymer's Forders the summons is sucd upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he

mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled De peditibus ad recussum Custri de Stryvelin a Scotie obsassi, properare faciendie. This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writt. which states: "We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Sterling."-It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle. if not relieved before St. John the Baptist's day, and the king's determination, with divine grace, to raise the "Therefore," the summons further bears, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." And accordingly the sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled at Werk. upon the tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, &c.

NOTE VIL.

And Cambria, but of late subdued, Sent forth her mountain-multitude. St. IV. p. 175.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army; and the foul between them, at so denoted the service of the service of

gerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes of the Ecottish peasantry; and after the rout at Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

NOTE VIII.

And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

8t. IV. p. 175.

There is in the Fædera an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

"Eth O Donnuld, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyconil; Demod O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Feraetrew; Doneval O Neel, Duci Hibernicorum de Tryowyn; Neel Macbreen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynallewan; Eth, Offyn, Duci Hibernicorum de Tarter; red by 3 2 **-** 44 -~

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH. Ademly Mac Anegus, Duci Hibernicorum de (Neel O Hanlan, Duci Hibernicorum de Erthe Bien Mac Mahum, Du ci Hibernicorum de Ur Lauercagh Mac Wyr, Duci Hibernicorum de Loi Gillys O Railly, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresfen Geffrey O Fergy, Duci Hibernicorum de Montu Relyn O Honugher, Duci Hibernicorum de Con. Donethuth O Bien, Duci Hibernicorum de Tothn Dermod Mac Arthy, Duci Hibernicorum de I

Denenol Carbragh; Manr. Kenenagh Mac Murgh; Marghugh O Bryn; David O Tothvill; Dermod O Tonoghur, Doffaly; Fyn O Dymsy; Souethuth Mac Gillephatrick; Leysagh O Morth; Gilbertus Ekelly, Duci Hibernicorum de Omany;

Omalan Helyn, Duci Hibernicorum Midie." Exmes's Acta Republica, vol. III. pp. 476, 477.

Note IX.

Their chief, Filz-Louis.

Fits Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarion, received from the grateful monarch a charter, dated 28th November, in the second year of his reign (1307,) for the lands of Kilmichel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

NOTE X.

In battles four beneath the eye, The forces of King Robert lie.

St. X. p. 181.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn, are given very distinct by by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here endeavour to detail it fully.

Two days before the battle. Bruce selected the field of action, and took post there with his army, consisting of about 30,000 disciplined men, and about half the number of disorderly attendants upon the camp. ground was called the New Park of Stirling: it was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purposes of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which was so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Saint Ninian's, probably in line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Mareschal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Stewart of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division, which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, Laving a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Borestone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-brae, to the south-west of St. Ninian's. His main body thus disposed, King Kobert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the Gillies' (i. e. the servants') Hill.

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or, if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English approaching upon the carse, or level ground, from Falkirk, either from turning the Scottish left flank, or from passing their position, if they preferred it, without coming to an action, and moving on to the relief of Stirling. And the Gillies' Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. only objection to the hypothesis above laid down, is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Stirling. But, 1st, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbrey's treaty; and Barbour even seems to censure, as a bresob of faith, some secret assistance which they rendered their countrymen upon the eve of battle, in placing temporary bridges of doors and spars over the pools of water in the carse, to enable them to advance to the charge. 2 dly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3dly, The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the String garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed.

It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interrupted with trees; and an extensive marsh, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against early, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells of a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under the immediate command of Sir Rolert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers.

Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

1 An assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached fro the south-east; since, had their march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.

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NOTE XI.

Beyond, the Southern host appears.

St. X. p. 1d1,

Upon the 23d June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry:

"And soon the great host heve they seen, Where shields shining were so sheen, And basinets burnished bright. That gave against the sun great light, They saw so felel brawdynes baners. Standards and pennons and spears, And so fele knights upon steeds, All flaming in their weeds, And so fele bataills and so broad, And too so great room as they rode, That the maist host, and the stoutest · Of Christendom, and the greatest, Should be abaysit4 for to see Their foes into such quantity." The Bruce, vol. II. p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. king in private they told the formidably state of the enemy; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded and worse disciplined.

Many. B Displayed. 8 Battalions. 4 Alarmed.

NOTE XII.

With these the valiant of the Isles Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files. St. XI. p. 182.

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious MacDougals of Lorn. The following deed, containing the submission of the potent Earl of Ross to the King, was never before published. It is dated in the third year of Robert's reign, that is, 1309.

"OBLIGACIO COMITIS ROSSENSIS PER HOMAGIUM FIDELITATEM PT SCRIPTUM.

"Universis christi fidelibus ad quorum noticiam presentes litere perueperint Willielmus Comus de Ross salutem in domino sempiternam. Quia magnificus princeps Dominus Robertus dei gracia Rex Scottorum Dominus meus ex inorta sibi bonitate, inspirataque clemencia, et gracia speciali remisit michi pure rancorum animi sui, et ralaxauit ac condonauit michi omnimodas transgressiones seu offensas contra ipsum et suos per me et meos vsque ad confeccionem literarum presencium perpetratas: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omnia graciose concessit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwal et ferncroskry infra comitatum de Suthyrland de benigna liberalitate sua heriditarie infeedare curauit. Ego tantam principis beneuolenciam efficaciter attendens et pro tot graciis michi factis vicem sibi gratitudinis meis pro viribus de cetero digne - - - - - - vite cupiens exdibere, subicio et obligo me et heredes meos eth omines

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meos vniuereos dicto Domino meo Regi per omnia - - - - -- -- erga suam regiam dignitatem, quod erimus de cetero fidelia sibi et heredibus suis et fidele sibi sernicium anxihum et concilium contra omnes homines et feminas qui vivere poterint aut mori, et super h - - - Ego Willielmus pro me - - - - - - hominibus meis vniuersis dicto domino meo Regi ----manibus homagium sponte feci et super dei ewangelia sacramentum prestiti - - - - - - In quorum omnium testimonium sigillum meum, et sigilla Hugonis filii et heredis et Johannis filii mei vna cum sigillis venerabilium patrum Dominorum Dauid et Thome Moraviensis et Rossensis dei gracia episcoporum presentibus literis sunt appensa. Acta scripta et data apud Aldern in Morauia vitimo die mensis Octobris. Anno Regni dicti domini nostri Regis Roberti Tertio. Testibus venerabilibus patribus supradictis. Domino Bernardo Cancellario Regis, Dominis Willielmo de Haya, Johanne de Striuelyn, Willielmo Wysman, Johanne Ffenton, Dauid de Berkeley, et Waltero de Berkeley militibus, magistro Waltero Heroc, Decano ecclesie Morauie, magistro Willielmo de Creswel eiusdem ecclesie precentore et multis aliis nobilibus clericis et laicis dictis die et loco congregatis."

The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend Mr.Thomson, Deputy Registrar of Scotland, whose researches into our ancient records are daily throwing new and important light upon the history of the country.

NOTE XIII.

The Monarch rode along the van. St, XIII. p, 184.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish

army upon the evening of the 23d of June, then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of line, putting his host in order. It was then sonal encounter took place betwirt him ande Bohun, a gallant English knight, the iss had a great effect upon the spirits of both a thus recorded by Barbour:—

"And when Glosyter and Herfurd we With their battle approaching near. Before them all their come riding, With helm on head, and spear in hand Sir Henry the Boune, the worthy, That was a wight knight, and a hardy And to the Earl of Herfurd cousin: Armed in arms good and fine: Come on a steel, a bow-shot nere. Before all other that there were. And knew the king, for that he saw Him so range his men on row: And by the crown, that was set Also upon his bassenet. And towards him he went on baste. And the king so apertly Saw him come, forth all his feres: In hys till him the horse he steers, And when Sir Henry saw the king Come on, forouting abaysing. Till him he rode in full great by4 He thought that he should well lightly Win him, and have him at his will Since he him horsed saw so ill. Sprents they same intil a lings Sir Henry mised a noble king. And he that in his stirrups stood, With the axe that was hard and good, With so great mayn7 reached him a di That neither hat no belm might stynt The hewys dusches, that he him gave, That nere the head till the harness cla

1 Comfades. 2 Haste. 8 Without 6 Line. 8 Heavy. 9 Clueb.



NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

The hand-axe shaft fruschytt in tow; And he, down to the yird gan go All flatlynys, for him failed might. This was the first stroke of the fight." BARBOUT'S Bruce, vol. II. 2. 132.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe."—The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to basard an attack, while its unfavourable issue remained upon their minds.

NOTE XIV.

What train of dust, with trumpet-sound, And glimmering spears, is wheeling round Our leftward flank?———

St. XVIII. p. 189.

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manceuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles us even to their fercoity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Raudolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing succours into the castle of Stirling.

"Eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, were detached from the English army; they made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and approached the castle. The king perceived their motions, and coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, "Thought-

less man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.' Randolph hastened to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protended on every side. At the first onset, Sir William Daynecourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the king's permission to go and succour him. 'You shall not move from your ground,' cried the king; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.'- 'In truth,' replied Douglas, 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must The king unwillingly consented, and Donglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage, 'Halt,' cried Douglas. 'those brave men have repulsed the enemy: let us not diminish their glory by sharing it."-Date BYMPLE'S Annals of Scotland, 4to., Edinburgh, 1779. pp. 44, 45,

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Daynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, ascording to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milntown box. is is

morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St. Ninians, 1 or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St. Ninians, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the Ranklish in the manner described.

NOTE XV.

Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd.
St. XX. p. 192.

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of "Hey, tuti taitti," was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr. Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe.—Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs.

It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding their horns, since Bruce was at once recognised by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note X. on Canto IV.

1 Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park, (where Bruce's army lay,) and held "well neath the.

NOTE XVL

Now onward, and in open view,

The countless ranks of England drew.

St. XXI. p. 193.

Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front, at the nature of the ground, did not permit them to hat the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very eat to find out what was their purposed order of battle. The vanguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers, and spearmen on foot, and commanded, already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Herefor Barbour, in one place, mentions that they formed in BATTLES, or divisions; but from the following passes it appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the uanguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compeled.

"The English men, on either party,
That as angels shone brightly,
Were not arrayed on such manner:
For all their battles sampnl were
In s schiltrum.s But whether it was
Through the great straitness of the place

1 Together.

2 Schillrum.—This word has been variously limited extended in its signification. In general, it seems imply a large body of men drawn up very closely tog ther. But it has been limited to imply a round or circular body of men so drawn up. I cannot understant

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

That they were in, to bide fighting;
Or that it was for abaysing;
I wete not. But in a schiltrum
It seemed they were all and some;
Out ta'on and raward anerly,4
That right with a great company,
Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
Who had been by, might have seen there
That folk ourtake a mekill feild
On breadth, where many a shining shield,
And many a burnished bright armour,
And many a man of great valour,
Might in that great schiltrum be seen :
And many a bright banner and sheen.

Barrour's Bruce, vol. II. p. 137.

NOTE XVII.

See where you bare-foot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.

St. XXI. p. 194.

"Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front, bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and

it with this limitation in the present case. The schiltrum of the Scottish army at Falkirik was undoubtedly of a circular form, in order to resist the attacks of the English cavalry, on whatever quarter they might be charged. But it does not appear how, or why, the English advancing to the attack at Bannockburn, should have arrayed themselves in a circular form. It seems nore probable, that, by Schiltrum in the present case, 'arbour means to express an irregular mass into which he English army was compressed by the unwieldiness its numbers, and the carelessness or ignorance of its ders.

8 Frightening.

4 Alone.

their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. 'They yield, cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.' 'They do,' answered Ingelram de Umfraville, 'but not cure. On that field they will be victorious, or die.' "—Annals of Scotlans, vol. II. p. 47.

NOTE XVIII.

Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!—
St. XXII, p. 195.

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milntown bog, and keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears, or long weapons, fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and apread through the whole English army a confusion, from which they never fairly recovered.

The English archers shot so fast,
That might their shot have any last,
It had been hard to Scottis men,
But good King Robert, that well gan ken,
That their shot right hard and grievous,
Ordsined, forouths the assembly,
His Marschall, with a great menxie,
Five hundred armed into steel,
That on light horse were horsed well,

1 Know. 2 Disjointed from the main body.



NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

For to pryk1 among the archers. And to sesail them with their spears. That they no leisure have till shoot. This marischell that I of mute. That Sir Robert of Keith was called. As I before here has you told, When he saw the battle so Assembled, and together go. And saw the archers shoot stoutly: With all them of his company In haste upon them gan he ride. And overtooke them at a side :3 And rushed among them so rudely, Sticking them so dispiteously, And in such fusion4 bearing downer And slaving them, foroutin ransoun; 5 That they then scalyte eueriknae? And from that time forth there was no That assembled shot to ma.s When Scottis archers saw that they sua Were rebutyt, they wax hardy, And with all their might shot eagerly Among the horsemen that there rode: And wounds wide to them they made, And slew of them a full great deal. BARBOUR'S Bruce, pp. 147, 148.

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Haildoun-hill, bught scarce twenty years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to are lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few footsidiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where avid II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de

¹ Spur. S That I spake of. S Set upon their flank. 4 Number.

o Dispersed. 7 Every one.

s Ransom. s Muke.

Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-st-arms were put under his command. "But, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

NOTE XIX.

Each braggart churl could boast before, Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore! St. XXIV. p. 197.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honesty to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer heareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.' Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyr owns feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profits, nor yet challenge it for any praise,' "—Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet, 4to. p. 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage,

NOTE XX.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow, Horseman and horse, the foremost go. St. XXIV. p. 193.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

NOTE XXI.

And steeds that shrick in agony.
St. XXIV, p. 198.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note: and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which L

will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one ocassion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard,

NOTE XXII.

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Allea Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I with my Carrick spearmen charge.
St. XXVIII. p. 201-2.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in thee." Barbour intimates, that the reserve "assembled on one field," that is, on the same line with the Scottish forces already engaged; which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.



NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

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NOTE XXIII.

To arms they flew,-axe, club, or spear,-And mimic ensigns high they rear. St. XXX. p. 201.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment. or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

> "Yeomen and swanys,1 and pitaill,2 That in the Park vemet victuals Were left, when they wist but lesing4 That their lords with full fighting On their foes assembled were: One of their selwyns that were there Captain of them all they made. And sheets, that were some dales braid. They fastened instead of banners. Upon long trees and spears. And said that they would see the fight. And help their Lords at their might. When here-till all assented were, In a rout assembled er.7 Fifteen thousand they were or ma. And than in great haste gan they go, With their banners, all in a route, As they had men been styves and stout. They came with all that assembly, Right till they might the battle see; Than all at once hey gave a cry, Slav I Slav I Upon them hastily ! BARBOUR'S Bruce, vol. II. Book XII. pp. 153, 154.

a Kent the provisions.

The unexpected apparition of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The brook of Bannock, according to Barbour, was so choked with the bodies of men and horses, that it might have been passed dry-shod. The followers of the Scottish camp fell moon the disheartened fugitives, and added to the confusion and slaughter. Many were driven into the Forth. and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east and west. since, in that case, to get at the river, the English fugitives must have fied through the victorious army. About a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the Bloody Folds. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcost with armorial bearings over his armour, he fell unknown. after his horse had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an English knight, contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it was somewhat slackened, approached King Robert, "Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?" said Bruce, to whom he was personally known. "Yours, sir," answered the knight. "I receive you," answered the king, and treating with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated. There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally wish to acquire the good opinion of the English barons, who were at this time at great variance with their king. But it also well acc rds with his high chivalrous character.



NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

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NOTE XXIV.

O! give their hapless prince his due. St. XXXI, p. 204.

Edward II, according to the best authorities, showed. in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not nnworthy of his great sire, and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance : but the governor. remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men at arms. and avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army. fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Laurence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Ed. ward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gently." From thence, the monarch of so great an emnire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

NOTE XXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone Through Ninian's church these torches shone, And rose the death-prayer's auful tone. 8t. XXXV. p. 208.

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De Argentine have been already noticed. Besides this renowned warrior there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained amore bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle: and that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass, not long since,

"It wes forsuth a gret ferlie, To se samyn: sa fele dede lie. Twa hundre payr of spuris reid,s War tane of knichtis that war deid."

I am now to take my leave of Berbour, not without a sincere wish that the public may encourage the undertaking of my friend, Dr. Jamieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate edition of his poem, and of Blind Henry's Wallace. The only good edition of The Bruce was published by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790; and. the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it was not without errors; and it has become scarce. Of Wallace there is no tolerable edition; yet these two poems do no small honour to the early state of Scottish poetry, and The Bruce is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.

1 Together. 2 Red, or gilded.

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trivet's Annals, will show the extent of the national calamity.

LIST OF THE SLAIN.

Barons and Knight Bannerets.—Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester; Robert de Clifford; Payan Tybetot; William le Mareschal; John Comyn; William de Veseey; John de Montfort; Nicholas de Hasteleigh; William Dayncourt; Ægidius de Argentine; Edward Comyn; John Lovel, (the rich); Edmond de Hastynge; Milo de Stapleton; Simon Ward; Robert de Felton; Michael Poyning; Edmund Maulley.

Prisoners.—Henry de Boun, Earl of Hereford; Lord John Giffard; William de Latimer; Maurice de Berkey; Ingelram de Umfraville; Marmaduke de Twenge; John de Wyleton; Robert de Maulee; Henry Fitz-Hugh; Thomas de Gray; Walter de Beauchamp; Richard de Charon; John de Werelmton; Robert de Neil; John de Segrave; Gilbert Peeche; John de Clavering; Antony de Lucy; Radulph de Camya; John de Evere; Andrew de Abermhyna: Thomas and Odo Lete Ercedekene; Robert Beaupel, (the son); John Mautravers, (the son).

Knights Stain.—Henry de Boun; Thomas de Ufford; John de Elsinfelde; John de Harcourt; Walter de Hakelut; Philip de Courtney; Hugo de Scales; Radulph de Beauchamp; John de Penbrigge; with thirtythree others of the same rank, not named.

Prisoners.—Thomas de Berkeley; The son of Roger Tyrrel; Anselm de Mareschal; Giles de Beauchamp; John Cyfrewast; John Bluwet; Roger Corbet; Gilbert de Boun; Bartholomew de Enefeld; Thomas de Terrers, Radulph and Thomas Bottetort; John and Nicholas de Kingstone, (brothers); William Baldwin; Baldwin de

Treville; John de Clevedon; Adoman la Zouche; John de Mercwode; John Maufe; William and William Giffard; and thirty-four other knights, not named by the historian.

And in sum, there were there slain, along with the Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive. was twenty-two, and sixty-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburghe, keeper of the king's signet, (Custos Targies Domini Regis.) was made prisoner with his two clerks. Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Switon, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his privy seal, to distinguish the same from the signet so The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce's queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The Targia, or signet, was restored to England through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor to Lord Moira, who is said to have found favour in the eyes of the Scottish King.

Such were the immediate consequences of the field of Bannockburn. Its more remote effects, in completely establishing the national independence of Scotland, afford a boundless field for speculation.

a Supposed Clinton.

2 Maule.



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